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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 1

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

THE SEXIEST GIRL OF THE YEAR

THE NAUGHTIEST GIRLS KNOWN TO MAN!

HORNY COVERGIRL *LUCY* DROPS HER PANTIES INSIDE!

CUTE *KIM'S* KINKY CORSET CLINCHES IT!

RAYMOND REVUE BAR LONDON THE WORLD'S MOST EROTIC STRIPTEASE

THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number One

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Welcome to our great new 21st birthday edition. As you can see, the issue is packed with long and extremely boring historical features about what has happened in the last 21 years, and the major part Club International has played in the great events of our times.

For instance, there's Cindy (page 5). Cindy played a crucial role in deciding the Soviet leadership succession after the death of Leonid Brezhnev; in fact, documents recently released from the Kremlin show that Yuri Andropov engaged her as his secret adviser at the time, in spite of the fact that she was just six years old!

Moving along, you'll find regular girl Kim (page 14). A modest girl, Kim says little about her part in bringing an end to the Vietnam War, but if pressed she will admit that her influence with the Congress Party has helped to ensure that India remains the largest democracy of modern times.

Everyone who follows the great national gossip columns will know that when the royals talk, they talk to Billy Goat. Club has now signed up the diarist who first introduced Charles and Diana all those years ago, and is currently doing such good work with the possible reintroduction of monarchies to Eastern Europe. Read Billy's sizzling new column on page 24.

But it's not just our coverage of current affairs that makes Club the respected organ it so assuredly is. Leisure must also have a part, which

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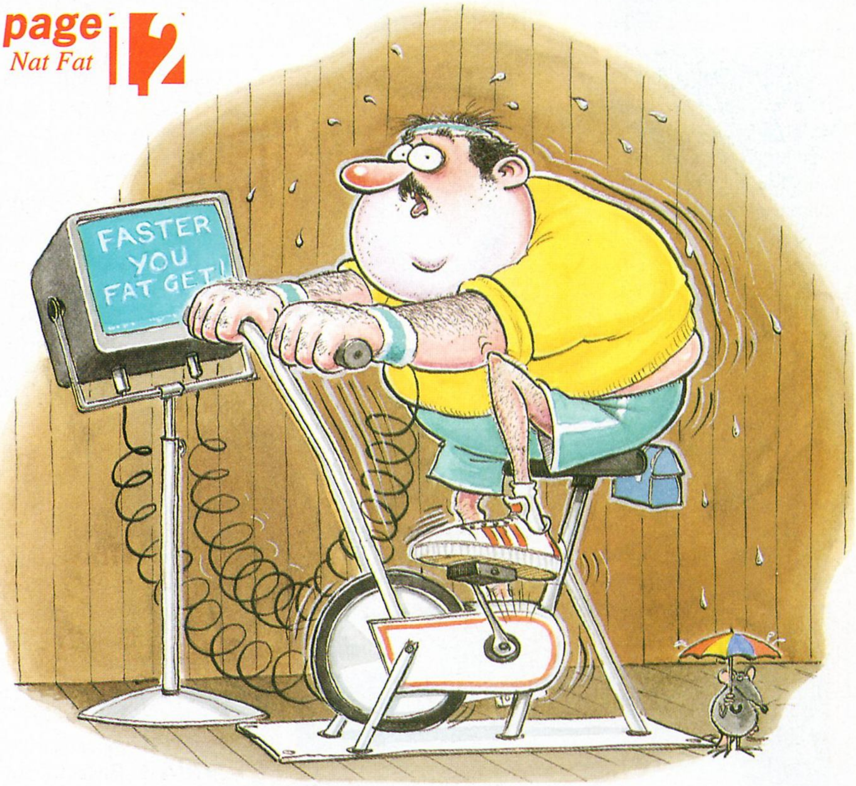
brings us to Maurice Short (page 24). Not many people know that Maurice (or 'Mo', as his friend calls him) has managed Manchester United, Liverpool, Tottenham Hotspur, Bayern Munich, Anderlecht and Red Star Neasden — *all at the same time*! For authoritative sports writing, look no further.

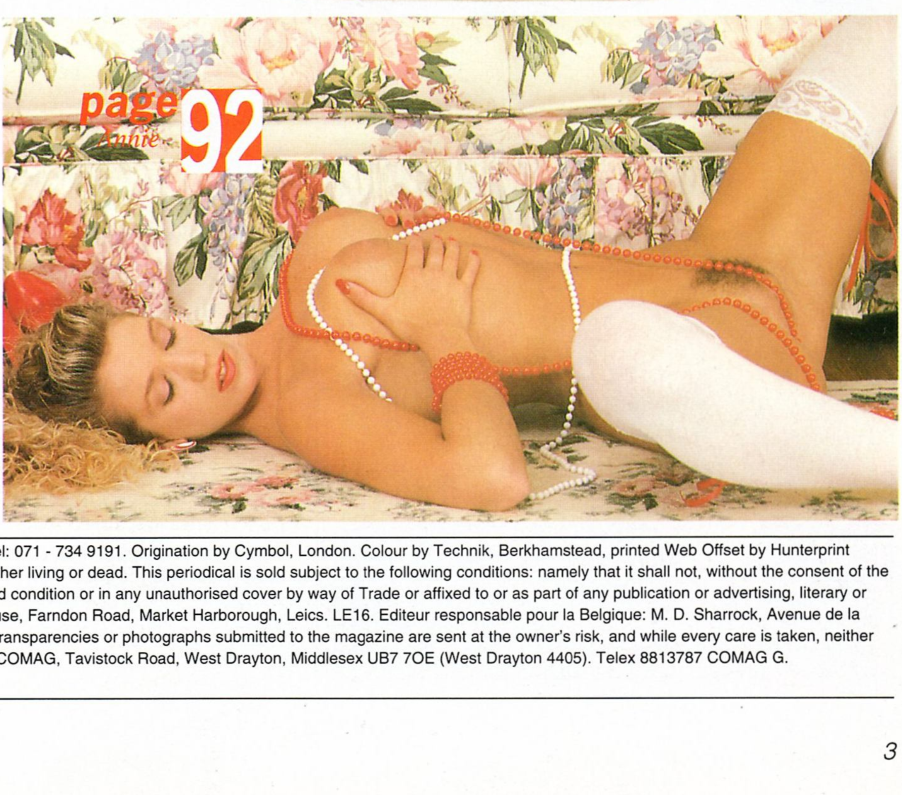
Then there's Britain's longest-running columnist, Nathaniel Fatbastard (page 12). Nat, referred to by *The Sunday Times* as 'the man who single-handedly educated the British palate', has campaigned tirelessly over two decades for improved standards of national catering, and in the process screwed more waitresses than any other man alive.

Indeed, it may be argued that the only Club operative who has done absolutely sod-all during Club's existence is the Editor, who lists his major achievement as finishing a night at The Duke of Wellington standing up. Once.♣

page 25
Lisa Anne

page 84
Sammy





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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

No Secret

As long as you keep girls like Gina and Marisa coming (Vol 20 No 13), you'll keep me coming as well!

The thing is, it's so rare that I catch a glimpse of a girl as pretty as these two. They're one in ten thousand, and what I want to know is, firstly, how do you find them in the first place, and secondly, how the hell do you get them to take their clothes off?! I mean, these girls could be fashion models if they wanted to, so what are they doing in Club? Come on, spill the beans: what's your secret? — *Peter, London*

We don't go and find girls, Peter; they come to us — we do have a lot of female readers, after all. And why do we get the prettiest girls? Perhaps it's because, as they say, like attracts like! — Ed

Caught in the Act

I'm a 22-year-old busty blonde, and have lived platonically with my flat-mate, Gregory, for almost a year. I have a secret from him, though; whenever he goes out I sneak into his bedroom and read his secret stash of Clubs. Although I don't consider myself a lesbian, all the wonderful girls make me feel as randy as hell, and after flicking through a couple I always end up lying on Gregory's floor rubbing my clitty and fondling my breasts.

One night recently Gregory went out to the pub with his mate Kevin, and I, of course, nipped into his bedroom as soon as I heard the door slam. It wasn't long before I had my skirt up around my waist and my fingers inside my knickers. As my pussy got wetter and wetter I rubbed my clit and pulled at my lips, flicking through my favourite girls and reading the dirty letters. I closed my eyes and fantasised about the models, and after a few minutes I felt that familiar tingling feeling starting to build up. Knowing I was about to come, I lay back and pushed three fingers into my pussy. I fucked myself with one hand and rubbed my clit with the other, moaning out loud as my orgasm hit me.

Satisfied, I opened my eyes — and to my horror there stood Gregory and Kevin back from the pub early, watching me wide-mouthed and obviously shocked.

I felt as if I was going to explode, my blood was pumping so quickly. "Oh, I'm so embarrassed!" I stuttered, my head hung in shame.

"Julie," said Gregory, "don't be. They turn me on, so why shouldn't they get you horny?"

"Yeah," piped in Kevin. "Let me show you."

With that, Kevin undid his belt and started unbuttoning his jeans. Obviously my little performance had turned him on, because his cock was hard when he brought it out. He started feeling up and down the length of his shaft.

I couldn't really believe all this was happening. There was this bloke I quite fancied, blatantly wanking right in front of me!

I just sat wide-mouthed for a second, and then Gregory said, "Well, we've all been reading about it for ages. Why don't we start doing it?" I was still feeling horny after my session, and I just couldn't stop myself. I bent down in front of Kevin and wrapped my mouth around his prick, sliding the shaft in all the way down to the root.

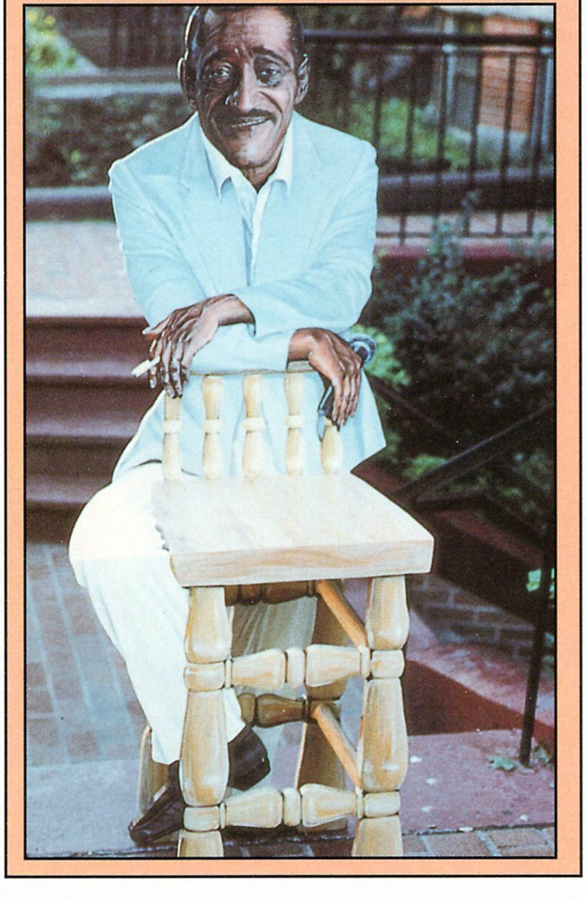
As I was sucking Kevin's hard cock I felt Gregory approach me from behind, and he parted my love-lips so he could sink his cock in, inch by delicious inch. I was sucking more greedily now and it wasn't long before his body started to shiver and his rod pulsated. His come pumped into my mouth, and I savoured the taste as I felt his juice dribble down my throat.

Gregory was hammering into me, reaching over to feel my breasts with one of his hands, as I tightened my cunt muscles and orgasmed for the second time that night. Gregory gave one last pump, then pulled his cock out and spurted his come all over my buttocks.

Now Gregory encourages me to read Club with him, and Kevin visits us a lot more frequently! — *Julie, Leeds*

SAMMY'S SEAT

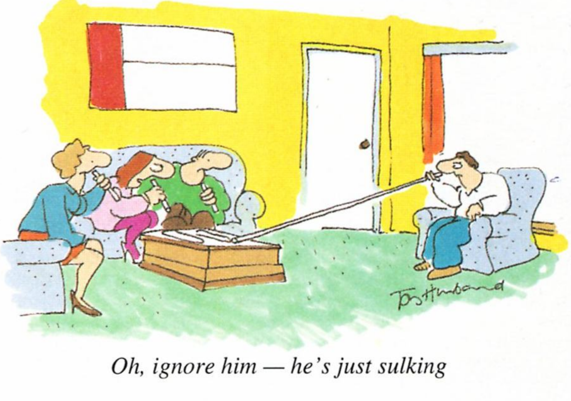
Looking for somewhere to park your arse? Then pull up a famous face and sit down! Star of Birmingham's Halcyon Gallery is a series of celebrity sit-upons including this, the Sammy Davis Junior Chair. Yes, you too can relive the thrilling experience of sitting on the lap of the late one-eyed Candy Man — with the added advantage that it won't sing *Mr Bojangles*. ♣



Dear Julia,

After I set eyes on your gorgeous pictures in Vol 20 No 11, I just had to write in and tell you the wonderful effect that you had on me.

I can just imagine seeing you dancing in a nightclub to a really sexy number. I sneak up behind you and wrap my arms around your waist. You turn around with a look of



Oh, ignore him — he's just sulking

surprise on your face, which soon turns to joy when you see my 36-24-34 figure squeezed into a black mini-dress. You take me by the hand and lead me outside to your waiting car.

Once inside, you pull me close to you and we kiss. I run my hands over your big breasts and I gasp as I feel your nipples hardening to points. I slowly work my hands further down and then into your panties. I find your aching clitty and pretty soon I'm working my fingers in and out of your wet cunt, bringing you to orgasm.

I'm ready, willing and more than able, Julia — all you have to do is say the word! — *Hayley, Windsor*

***Well, Hayley, what can I say? Except your fantasy certainly made me feel horny! I've had sex in cars quite a few times, but never with another woman, and I have to admit that the idea sounds like a lot of fun! Maybe we can take a Sunday drive sometime, Hayley? — Julia* ♣**

Birthday Boy

For my 25th birthday, my sexy 21-year-old Italian girlfriend Daniella got me an extra special surprise.

Come my birthday she made passionate love to me in the morning, and told me a big surprise would be waiting for me that night. When I came home after work, all the

continued on page 23

TOP TEN CORNER

1. Lysette Anthony — *actress*
2. Madonna — *singer/actress*
3. Betty Boo — *singer*
4. Cher — *singer*
5. Kim — *Club girl*
6. Julia Somerville — *newsreader*
7. Patsy Kensit — *actress*
8. Kim Basinger — *actress*
9. Lisa Dominque — *singer*
10. Lorraine Kelly — *TV presenter*

Andrew, Folkestone ♣

cindy

Photographs by Robby Schneider

Much to Cindy's delight, she's been spotted by some eager Club fans since her appearance last month.

"I was walking down the street in Brighton the other night," says the 21-year-old dancing queen, "when I saw a gang of fellas obviously on a 'big night out'. One of them shouted out 'Hey, aren't you

Cindy the dancer from Club?' You should have seen their eyes when I said that I was. They were all cooing and showing off in front of me, then one wise-guy asked me to strut my stuff for them. I'd had a few drinks myself, and I decided to show them a thing or two, so I stood on the street gyrating around madly,

throwing off item after item of clothing while they went absolutely wild! Next thing I knew I had about 100 people standing around me all clapping and egging me to take off my knickers and bra! I was all set to when a policeman came along and ruined all our fun. What a spoil-sport! So, boys, if you're reading this, these pictures are especially for you. I hope you enjoy them!" ♣

gobble!

HEALTH WARNING

Life, death, how to get a good blowjob — **Nathaniel Fatbastard**, our man with the big tackle, tackles the big issues.

I've always enjoyed Christmas — getting out your balls and hanging them where everyone can see them, pinning up the traditional sprig of mistletoe over the zip of your flies and awaiting a kiss, or bashing away at carols with your organ. No, there's nothing quite like it. But this year, for the first time ever, I just couldn't stick it out.

It was Boxing Day and I'd just finished my third plastic box of *Ferraro Squashee* chocolates (£19.50) and a couple of pounds of liqueurs (£9.99), and was just about to tuck into a new particularly overpriced mixture of *Terry's All Gold* and *Cadbury's Dairy Box* called *Terry's All Box* (£25.99) when I began to feel sick. At first I thought it was the fluffy kitten with a pink bow on the lid that was causing it, but when the gut-ache quickly spread to my chest and down my left arm, I decided that I had to see my doctor.

Dr Farmer is a real all-rounder, in every sense of the word. An ex-proctologist and chief grape picker at the Lewisham Hospital haemorrhoid unit, he has had a hand in most things in his time, so it's as well not to shake it. But when he says he'll look into things for you, he leaves no stern unturned.

As I slipped my 2lbs of plums back into my Frank Bruno heavyweight boxer shorts (No Principles £8.99), his face was longer than a donkey's dong.

"Mr Fatbastard, I'm usually frank when I'm advising my patients," he said.

"Oh right, Frank. Call me Nat," I replied wittily.

"Hmmm, err... Nat. To be honest, you're what we members of the medical profession call knackered. Some people treat their bodies as a temple. You treat yours more like a phone box on a council estate. Your arteries are more badly blocked than the M25. Your blood/cholesterol level is so high that blood really doesn't deserve top billing. You lead such a sedentary life-style, your adrenalin has lily pads on it. You eat too much, drink too much, smoke like an ICI chimney and your bowels are like a BP shop — they never close and are still full of shit. In fact you must pump out more raw sewage than all the east coast seaside resort put together."

I coughed even more nervously than when he had my bollocks in his hand.

"My life is hedonistic," I muttered in excuse.

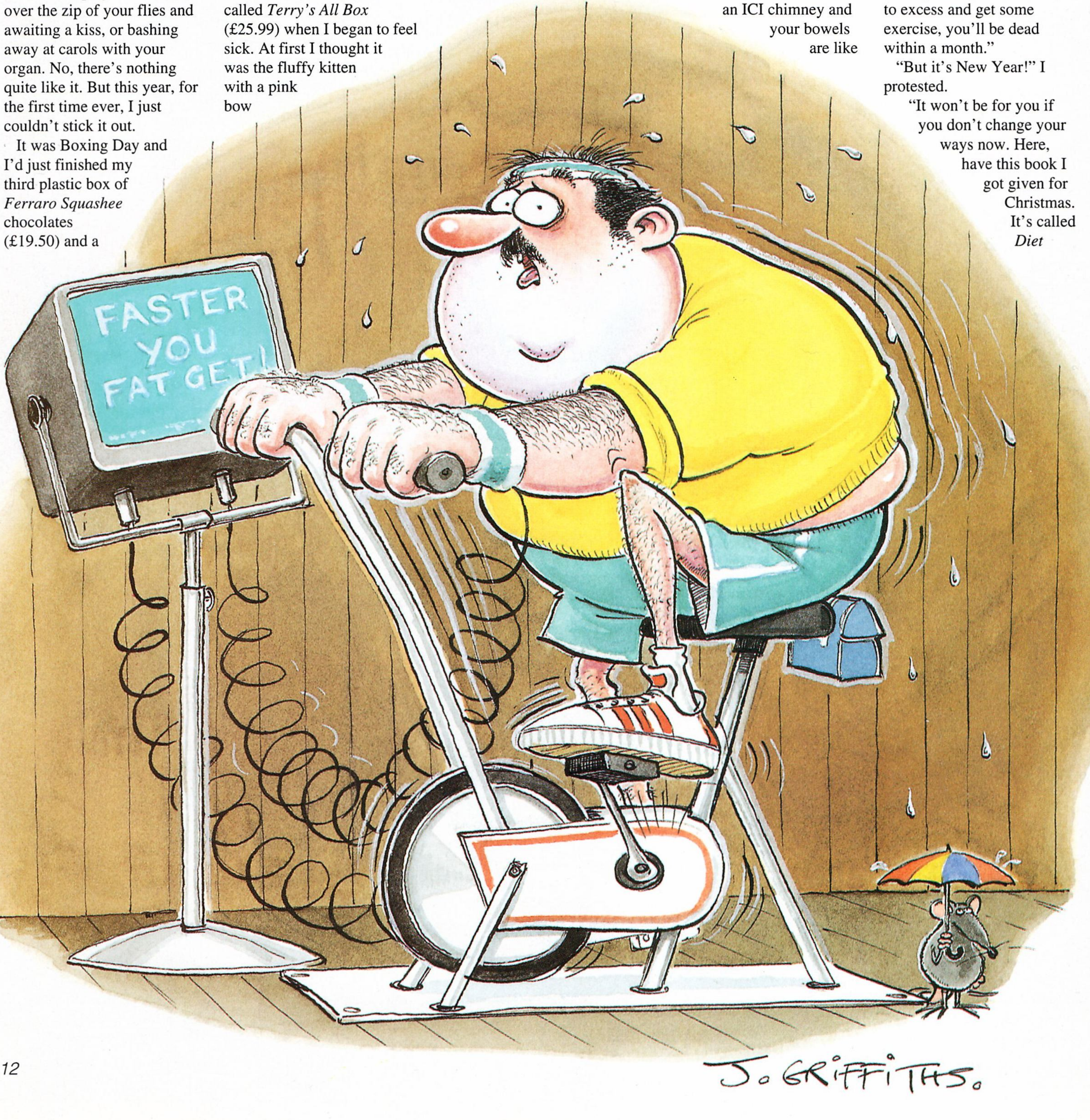
"Your life is heading for disaster. Do you know how long you've got?"

"Well, last time I looked about 10 inches," I quipped.

"Mr Fatbastard, I'll be blunt," Dr Farmer said, absent-mindedly sucking the warm end of his rectal thermometer. "If you don't give up eating and drinking to excess and get some exercise, you'll be dead within a month."

"But it's New Year!" I protested.

"It won't be for you if you don't change your ways now. Here, have this book I got given for Christmas. It's called *Diet*


FASTER YOU FAT GET!
J. GRIFFITHS.

Hard, get fit with *Moonshitting* star, Bruised Willies (Crap Present books £19.99), and stick to it closer than a pair of nylon underpants in August. Then come back and see me in three days. Happy New Year, Mr Fatbastard!"

So that was it. Diet or die. Faced with the prospect of kicking my bad habits or kicking the bucket, I opted for the former. So I booked in at *Big Ron's Gym and Solarium* (142 Truss Street, Camberwell) above the *Crook and Murderer* pub in Old Kent Road. The gym was once used to train British boxers and other ne'er-do-wells, but it had now found an even bigger racket than protection — aerobics. With my Addidprice sweatshirt (£49.50), F.A. Gear Trainers (£178.99) and bollock hugging lycra shorts (£5 a gonad) I really looked the part and my parts really looked the business. So I steered well clear of two effete body builders who obviously wanted to clean-and-jerk my best-developed muscle.

I was told to spend the next three minutes on a Nautilus machine, designed to exercise every part of the body simultaneously — just like shagging, only longer. Then I had to get my leg over an exercise bicycle linked to a computer to recreate realistically the joys of cycling. Thanks to this hi-tech marvel, in my five minutes in the saddle I struggled up two 1-in-4 hills, knocked over three school-children and an old age pensioner, peddled through a force eight gale, got cut-up and sworn at by a cab driver, and finished by being knocked off the bike by a BMW turning right at a set of traffic lights. After that, I was given a rope and told to skip whilst the trainer whose nose had been broken so many times it looked like it was made of Lego, recited, "Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper," in a schoolgirly voice. By the end, I was limper than a bitter drinker's dangler, and just as damp.

I could have murdered a pint, but all they had was *Pukozade Sport* (99p a can). This was apparently 'in balance with my body fluids', something I've never achieved myself, especially after 12 pints of Tennants Pilsner and a chicken vindaloo. After 15 tins of that and a couple of litres of Aberfan Spring Welsh Mineral Water (£1.50 a litre) — bottled direct from the slag heaps of Merthyr Tydfil and carbonated by unemployed miners farting in it — I went home to a diet of Mean Cuisine (£1.99 an ounce) and more fruit than a Covent Garden hairdressers. If this was living, fuck it.

After another 47 hours, 32 minutes and 21 seconds of that, I went to see Dr Farmer once again. It was New Year's Eve, and everyone around me was waddling home carrying crates of beer, whisky and wine. I had two litre cartons of *Dull Monty Unsweetened Orange Juice* (75p) and a packet of crispbreads in my bag. The nurse called me in.

"Mr Fatbastard? It is you, isn't it? Why, I'd hardly have recognized you. You look fantastic. You've lost so much weight!"

The doctor seemed equally amazed. "Why Mr Fatbastard, you're a new man. I never thought that you could do it. In the last three days, you must have lost at least 20lbs! Well done, Nathaniel — if you carry on like that, you'll go on forever."

"So what about all that one-month-to-live shit?" I asked irritably.

"I wouldn't worry about that, Mr Fatbastard. I say that to all my patients. It stuns them into doing something about it. It certainly worked with you, didn't it? Ha-ha! No, just keep it up, and you'll be fine!"

The bastard! The absolute fucking bastard!! I was going to live all along. Well fuck him. It was New Year Eve, and tonight I was going to get completely and utterly rat-arsed...

As the clock struck midnight, I'd had 12 pints of *Labbots* lager (£1.99), eight double *Glenmangy* malt whiskies (£2.40), five bottles of *Sod* Mexican beer (£2.50) and the Trixie the barmaid (free). At 2am, she climbed drunkenly into my car in her skintight imitation leather pencil skirt, rested her huge tits on the dashboard and we raced down the South Circular to my place as fast as we could.

Not only was I not gonna die, I was going to start living a little, and as terrific Trixie fiddled with my gearstick, we shot over the traffic lights at Forest Hill doing 80mph. Whether it was all the booze, whether it was the sheer exuberance of being alive, or whether it was the jizz squirting over the hooded binnacle on my imitation walnut fascia as Trixie squeezed my pud, I really don't know. But I just didn't see the 12 tonne Hevian mineral water tanker as it pulled out in front of us.

"What the fuck... Oh shiiiiiiiiiiiit!!!" I screamed, and promptly fulfilled my prediction all over the mock leather upholstery before ramming the Volvo Liquidmaster XRT De Luxe Artic (£34,560.56 on the road, excluding number plates and delivery) right in the payload. Then with the exception of my underwear, everything went black...

To be continued... ♣

TOP TITS

Brra! There's a nip in the air, or rather two. Our tour of the wonderful world of whammers continues, and this month the Mammarymobile has been parked at the North Pole. What better place to discuss the horny, sorry, thorny subject of global warming — or how a girl keeps her hooters hot in the winter. After all, as any businessman will tell you, no woman can expect to achieve liquidity if her principal assets are frozen.

Here in the Arctic, Eskimo nellies are prevented from turning into blue tits by wrapping themselves in dozens of layers of whale blubber. This thick hide comes from the foreskin of the giant sea-going mammal and gets its name from the way the whale's eyes water when it's removed. If you don't believe me, listen to the moaning sound those suckers make as they swim around the world's oceans. This blubber can keep the Inuit's tits warm and inviting in temperatures thirtysomething below, so why the fuck they choose to rub noses I've no idea.

However, like a randy walrus, the Eskimo's blubber bra needs a tight seal. Exposure to Arctic winds could lead to the frostbitten extremities dropping off and that's snow joke. A glimpse of polar bare nipple on an Adorable Snow-woman is therefore as likely as seeing a set of patio furniture with a Skol umbrella out here on the tundra. However, I am determined to find some and photograph them for Club.

I'm going now. I may be some time. —*Captain George Breast* ♣

Photographs by Joanie Allum

cute Kim

SHE'LL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Hi guys! You know that feeling when someone makes a sexy suggestion that was exactly what you were thinking at the time? Well, I was lucky enough to get that when I read the letter from Laurie of Kent, who said he had a 'thing' about corsets: not those modern basques — they never seem to fit me anyway! — but a proper, old-fashioned waist-clincher that fits tightly and gives a girl that hour-glass shape.

Laurie said he loves to see girls in them — well, I love to wear them! There's something just a little bit kinky about the feeling of being squeezed into a corset, and it always makes me feel dead naughty! So for this shoot I wore my very own corset, which I usually keep for very special

occasions — with very special men!

It drives one particular guy crazy (you know who you are!). He loves me to dress up kinkily for sex. I strip naked for him, then I let him do up all the hooks one by one. The corset's so tight, it often takes quite a while! Then he pulls my stockings on, stretching them right up to reach the short suspender straps.

By now I'm getting very damp, and my guy can't resist letting his fingers wander from the suspenders over to my wet pussy. I'd like to get my knickers on too, so we can make love with all my underwear on (which I love), but we usually just can't wait for that!

These days just putting on a corset gets me excited, so I found this the sexiest shoot I've ever done. I hope you do too... Bye for now! ♣

If you want Kim to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to KIM

Dear Kim,

How can someone with a face as sweet as yours be so tempting and horny? I spend hours reading your special pages over and over again, while staring longingly at your perfect body. So I thought I'd write and find out what you think of my naughty fantasy...

I go to a fun fair by myself and decide to buy some candy-floss. When I get to the stall you're standing behind the counter in a little pink frilly dress! When you see me, your shiny blue eyes meet mine, and you look away, embarrassed.

I approach you to ask if you'd like to go for a walk, and you shyly accept my offer. We find a lovely field full of tall grass which I gently lay you down on and kiss your candy coated lips. You hesitate before letting your tongue explore my mouth. You smell so sweet and your skin is very soft, so I part your legs slowly, then gently ease my fingers into your pussy. You let a little gasp pass through your pouting lips, and I replace my fingers with my cock, letting the inches sink slowly in.

If it happened like that, Kim, it would be just perfect. What do you think? — *Jim, Oxford*

I've got a very sweet tooth, Jim, and I can think of a few naughty things that we could do with that sticky candy floss! I love the way that it melts in your mouth and tingles your taste buds. Of course, sweets aren't the same without cream — but I'm sure that you could come up with something there!

Dear Kim,

My girlfriend Annie has a very similar personality to yours. She is quite shy, but she just loves sex. The other night I came home from work early and made her a romantic dinner and lit the room with candles. When she came home we ate, then I took her in my arms and laid her on the couch, slowly undressing her, giving her a massage, before making long, luxurious love to her.

Annie knows you're my fantasy girl, so she in turn

surprised me by dressing up in a replica of the little white outfit you were wearing in Club Vol 20 No 11. It drove me wild — she looked very similar, and she even asked me to call her Kim while we were making love! She told me afterwards it was the best sex she'd had in years, and suggested I write on her behalf to say thanks. So — thanks a million, Kim! — *Danny, Derby*

I'm very flattered that you both had such a good time thinking of me, Danny — I've certainly had a good time thinking of you! It sounds as though your randy girlfriend enjoyed pretending to be me for a night, and in a funny way I find that quite a turn-on. I'm still thinking about having my first lesbian experience — and it would be nice to do it with a sexy fan! Perhaps you could ask your girlfriend what she thinks: I'll be waiting for your reply...

Dear Kim,
The contrast of your spread legs and your innocent face drives me absolutely wild!

I'd love to know what's behind that coy little smile of yours, Kim. You always look like you know something that we all don't. Is there some secret that you don't want to share, or are you just being a Mona Lisa? Come on Kim, spill the beans! — *Ernie, West Thurrock*

Well, actually, Ernie, I'm just thinking of all you hunky fellas out there, and how turned on and naughty I feel about having such saucy photos taken. I feel incredibly randy after a photo session, and I usually have to run off and play with my tingling pussy for a while!

I imagine the readers' eyes running all over my body, lingering on my big, round breasts and my pretty little pussy. So now you know why I'm a smiling in the photographs, Ernie! ♣

SSCCRREEEEUH!

A totally factual, straight and well-informed column from **Horst Pipe**? Incredible, but true! It's pretty dull, mind, but that's the price you pay.

Our more-money-than-sense department has been taking an interest in Bentley of late. Of course, the bottom of the range Bentley Eight (a snip at £81,547) has been around for a while. It's supposedly competing with the S-class Mercedes. Problem is, the S-class Merc is widely recognised as the best car in the world, while the Eight... er... well, it isn't.

No, we were thinking of the new Bentley Continental, which costs *twice* as much as the humble Eight. One hundred and sixty grand is rather a lot of cash for a motor (at present property prices it would get you about half of Kent), especially when all they've done is slap a two-door body on the old Mulsanne chassis and engine. Somebody obviously hasn't told Bentley that there's not quite as much dosh around as there used to be: Bentley themselves must know you can get better cars for a third of the price. At which point we'll transfer this story from the more-money-than-sense file to the whatever-happened-to-the-British-Motor-Industry file, and move on to something a bit more optimistic...

● We can at least be proud of the Range Rover. Twenty years on they still knock spots off the competition, even if they do get driven around town by snotty prats who think a creche is a pile-up in Knightsbridge. But classic design though it is, it has three serious faults — it's too big, too thirsty and too expensive. Which makes one wonder what masterful stroke of management know-how led to the decision that the new Range Rover (tipped for launch in 1993) should be even bigger, boast an even thirstier 4.2litre 32valve V8, and cost as much as — yup — an S-Class Mercedes.

● Meanwhile Audi, having pioneered the unorthodox five-cylinder engine, now have a new one to baffle the boffins. Their new Avus sports car — Audi's second two seater in as many months — has a 5.9litre with three banks of four cylinders arranged in a W formation. A W12? Well, it may sound stupid to you, but the net result is 510bhp, 210mph and 0-60 in just three seconds. Pretty spunky for a roadcar, but don't hold your breath — it's not going on sale.

● The new Ford Contour sounds a weird geezer too. Apart from having a straight-eight engine (a configuration last seen in the late 1950s), its bodypanels are attached to the chassis by Velcro. No, really. Apparently if you stuff it and need to replace a body panel you can just lift off the damaged one and then slap on a replacement. Wonder what stops thieves whipping off the bodywork when they come for the wheels and wireless....

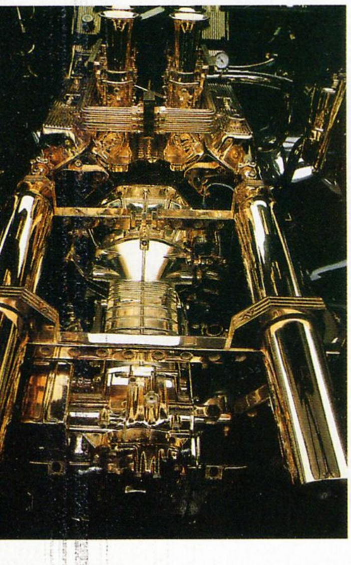
● French or not, the original Bugattis really were the business. From the tiny Type 35 (the most successful racing car of all time), to the 41 Royale (history's biggest two-fingered salute to the classless society) the best Bugattis combined technical brilliance with breathtaking beauty. So what went wrong with the new Type 110? One helluva good name, 200mph, four turbochargers, five valves, and six gears are all very well but it still looks like a squashed beetle to me.

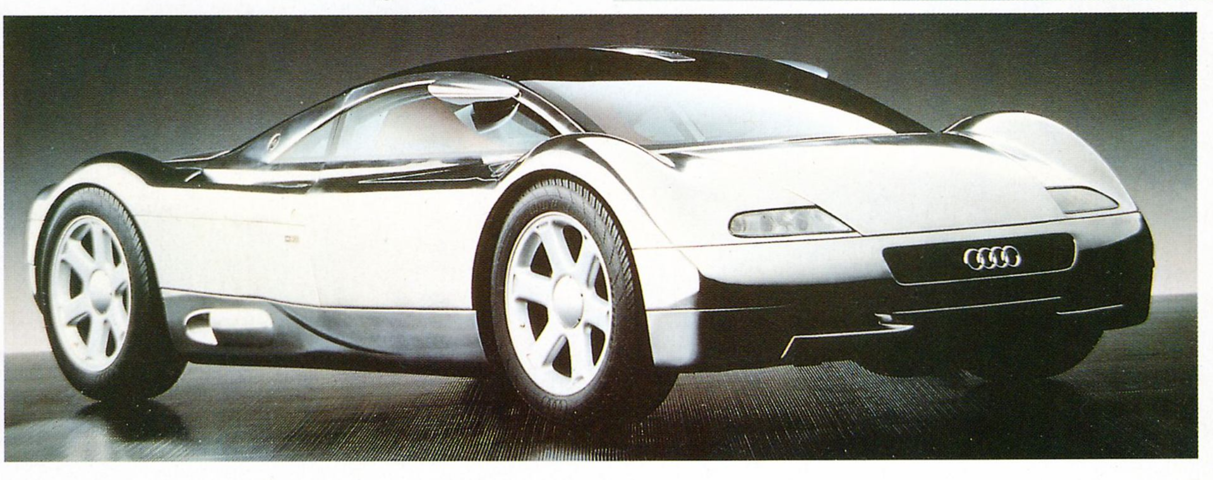
● Which reminds me, hands up who bought a Hillman Imp? "Fuctifino" and "I'd sooner walk" were just two of the observations which greeted the launch of this rear-engined oddity back in the dark ages. Many punters just couldn't see why Hillman had bothered, although many experts said there was nothing wrong with the design which couldn't be put right with a steam roller. And they were right too — check out the handiwork of Danny Curtis and Perry Watkins. Self-confessed Imp enthusiasts, which is rather sad when you think about it, they've won a place in the Guinness Book of Records now that their 26.5-inch high Imp has been recognised as the World's Lowest Car.

● Watkins, you may remember, was also responsible for creating the world's first road-registered street-legal Dalek. No, I don't remember it either but it's in *Bizarre Cars* by Colin Burnham (Osprey Books, £9.95) so it must be true. And if you think an Austin 1100-powered Dalek (which seats two and shouts "Exterminate!") is bizarre, check out the rest of the book, 'cos you ain't seen nuthin' yet. And when you have, you'll wish you hadn't. Does the world really need a speedboat based on a Reliant Robin, a 1,000bhp wheelie-poppin' JCB or indeed a De Tomaso Pantera with a gold-plated engine? But of course you can't blame the cars for being crap any more than you can blame a pitbull for being a bastard. It's always the fault of the owners...

● Speaking of which, what do you say to three pit bull terriers in a Skoda? Nice car, guys.

Clockwise from above: The Austin Dalek and the Reliant speedboat — Bizzare Cars; The Imp-ish world record holder; The Bugatti 110 — a squashed beetle?; The Audi Avus, money can't buy it; All the glitters is gold — the Pantera's costly engine. ♣





IN THE BAG

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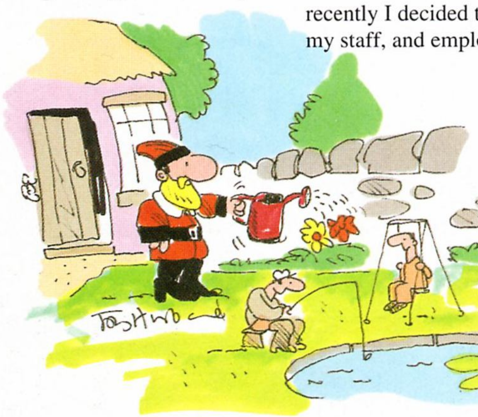
lights were turned off, and naturally I thought she'd organised a party. The light flicked on, and standing in the room was the most voluptuous, exotic-looking woman I had ever seen, with nothing on apart from a sash saying 'Happy Birthday'.

"I'm a present from Daniella," smiled the stranger. "And I'm going to show you a very good time."

I was shocked, but very turned on. It didn't take long for her to undress me and lie me on the floor. Her long fingers wrapped around my cock, and she lowered her tongue onto the tip of it and licked it with an action that had to be felt to be believed. I was groaning, almost ready to come, when she lowered her snatch over my knob and started fucking me like no-one had ever done before. I couldn't control myself for very long and as I spurted my come inside her she nodded her approval.

I couldn't help but feel a bit guilty — I'd never slept with anyone else since I'd met Daniella — but after the stranger had left, Daniella appeared from behind the door with a camcorder.

I couldn't believe it! Not only did she let me sleep with another woman, but she video-taped it so I can watch it over and over! I wonder what will happen when I'm 30?! — *David, Glasgow*



Piece of Cake

I own a small cake shop, and recently I decided to expand my staff, and employed a pretty 19-year-old girl called Cathy. As soon as she started I couldn't help but fantasize about what she'd look like naked. She looked so provocative in her little pink apron, and her ruby lips had a constant sexy pout on them.

Anyway, one Friday night, when all the staff were going home, Cathy asked if she could stay behind and help me clean up. Of course, I said yes, although wondering why she wasn't rushing home like everyone else was.

As I scrubbed down one of the benches I felt her reach behind me and rub her fanny against my bottom. "I really fancy you, Sue," she whispered. "I hope you're not too shocked, but I think you want me too."

I turned around, looked at that pretty face, and kissed her lips, my tongue exploring her mouth hungrily. "Please fuck me, Sue," she begged. And that's exactly what I had in mind.

I quickly undid her clothes, and mine, and laid her down on the bench. Her breasts were pert with hard nipples, which were a delight to suck on. A moan slipped through her lips, and I kissed down her body towards her snatch.

I stroked her fanny, then slid my finger into her slit. Her fingernails dug into my head and her breathing became more rapid. I'd had plenty of experience with

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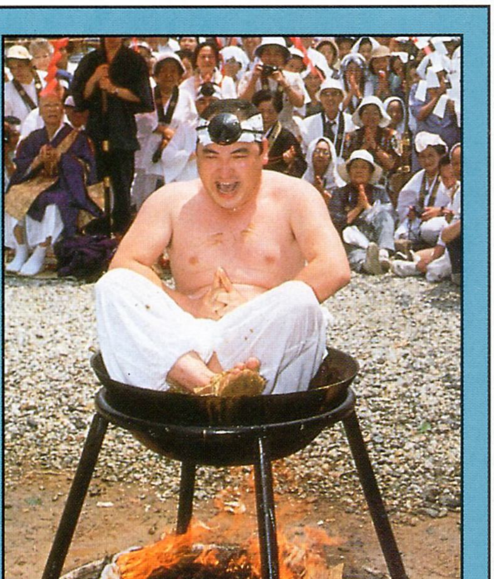
NUTTER'S CORNER



Shinto priest Kafuku Kodai has always been a fussy eater. "I never buy food from shops," he says. "Well, you don't know where it's been, do you?

"So my favourite snack is a bit of pan-fried buttock — preferably my own. You see, I'm a vegetarian but I fancy a bit of meat from time to time — and if I chew on steaming slices of my rump at least I know I've been organically reared."

Kafuku recommends simple preparation: frying in very little butter, a pinch of pepper and perhaps a sprig of rosemary or two. Our picture shows him half way through the first stage.

It all goes to show, some Shinto priests will do anything to get their picture in Club. Bon appetit. ♣

ARSE FROM THE PAST

Great moments in Bottom History part three: the Roman Invasion changes the face of British bottoms.

"Veiny, weedy, weakly!" That's how Julius Ceasum described the bottoms of Britain when he slipped up our Channel back in 55BC.

Used to the plump origins of Roman girls, he found that Britannia's bums were bonier than a British Rail kipper. So he sent out his legions to sort the scrawny bottomed women from the curvier girls, and dubbed them either Angles or Sex-Ones. The latter were moved to the towns such as Fatflabbibum, now known as Manchester and Veriluvlibum (St Albans). These were linked by long straight roads so Caesum could tour the country quickly seeing nothing but well-rounded rears.

Although the Romans were criticised for their excesses, there's no doubt that they did a lot to civilise our country. Prior to the invasion, women were still having their boobs and bottoms painted blue with a rude paint called woad (hence the Scottish song: 'You take the high woad and I'll take the low woad... '), but the Romans taught them the joys of underwear (Latin name: *Lingerae Sauci*). Soon, even the poorest Pict could pick a pair of tight briefs *(tanga panti)*, a g-string *(scanti undi)* or if they had the Gaul, full French ones *(nautae frilli knickus)*.

Suddenly Englishmen began to realise there was more to their women's bums than something to hold the wood steady whilst carving a nameplate for their mud huts, and Britain would never be the same again. ♣

sport

YOU, POO AND 92

Maurice Short knows exactly what's going to happen in 1992. He'll write something funny — some time in November, probably...

At this time of year it's customary for hardened hacks such as yours truly to fill up space by dashing off a dim-witted load of crappy predictions, so's we can race off down the pub double-quick and get totally rat-arsed. *(Shouldn't that read, "Take time out for a humorous sideways look at what might occur in the coming sporting year"? — Ed.)* Well here goes...

January

● A catalogue of injury plagues the British sporting scene: World Cup seamer Derek Pringle damages a fingernail whilst buttering a muffin; Paul Gascoigne dislocates a knee after being assaulted by an invisible dwarf ninja tortoise in the toilets of a Gateshead nightclub; Bryan Robson's head falls off; and after British downhiller Martin Bell says he believes he can win an Olympic gold, psychiatrists diagnose ski-tzophrenia.

February

● Steve Harrison finally breaks his silence over the 'crap-in-a cup' incident which cost him the England number three job: "They say a bad taste prank like that shouldn't be perpetrated by someone in a senior position," he tells reporters. "But Graham Taylor plays sick jokes all the time. He keeps picking David Batty."

Souness: not playing 'cos his mum says so

March

● Scandal erupts in Norway when it is revealed that drug-taking is widespread in the Olympic ice dance event. A spokesman for the offenders tells the press: "Unless you're blasted out of your box, there's no way you can watch that boring shite, or clap in time to the awful music."

April

● Paul Gascoigne breaks his arm after being attacked by a pair of Hush Puppies in the Blyth branch of Dolcis.

● Graham Taylor announces that for the all important friendly with the Scilly Isles he needs "Experienced men who will do a job for me". Steve Harrison's offer to oblige is rejected.

May

● Liverpool finish the season in their lowest position for 25 years. Graeme Souness tells the press: "We were unlucky. We had a terrible number of injuries to key players; the other teams were bigger than us; they had better boots; and it's a stupid game anyway and we're not going to play any more, because my mum says so."

Above: Steve Harrison shows the strain. Above right: we find the cup he crapped in

June

● Gazza's move to Lazio is jeopardized when the Spurs midfielder is abducted from a Wallsend disco by aliens. Half an hour later they return him. "Tha wu trying ta find oot what tha most intelligent creature on planet Orth wuz. Then tha were ganna have discussions with it," he tells journalists. A prize winning leek which was kidnapped at the same time as Gascoigne is still missing.

● England cricket captain Graham Gooch suffers a freak injury. He cracks a smile.

July

● The Barcelona Olympics get off to a terrible start when Ben Johnson attempts to smoke the Olympic torch. Further scandal engulfs the rowing events as a pair of Albanian lesbians engage in torrid lovemaking in the middle of the course. It seems they have misunderstood the term 'coxless pairs'.

August

● In the boxing competition the competence of the judges is yet again called into question as a Korean heavyweight is given the decision over Britain's Charlie the pantomime horse. "I thought I'd done enough when I knocked him out in the first," says Charlie, "but the judges obviously saw it differently."

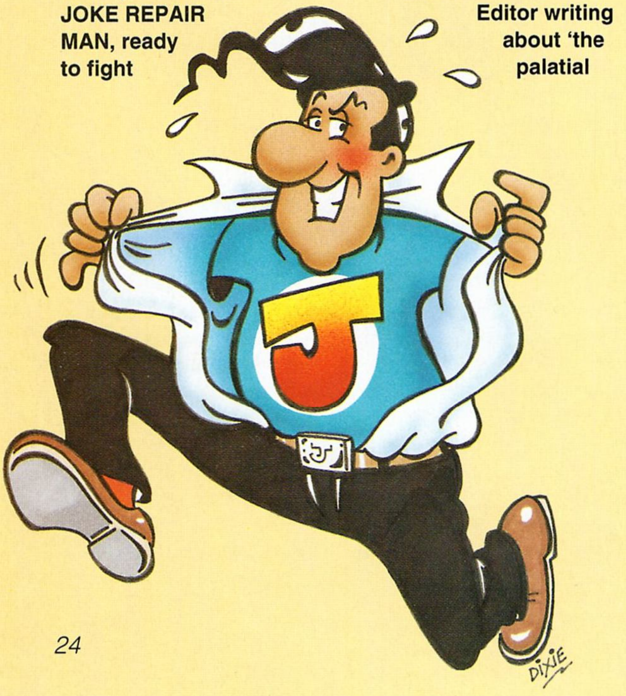
September

● Paul Gascoigne is transferred to Lazio. A number of Tyneside nightclubs go into liquidation.

JOKE REPAIR MAN!

Is it funny? Is it clever? No, it's JOKE REPAIR MAN!

Wherever boring copy haunts the pages of Club... wherever headlines are limp and gags are crap... there you will find JOKE REPAIR MAN, ready to fight bad puns and repetitious rubbish wherever they appear.



● GASP as JOKE REPAIR MAN catches the Editor writing about 'the palatial Club HQ' for the 50th time — and inserts a live scorpion in his rectum!

● SWOON as Nathaniel Fatbastard pays the price for trying to be funny about chucking up yet again — JOKE REPAIR MAN sands off his penis with a Black & Decker drill!

● SCREAM as your hero finds Allan Bryce writing the same video column he has done every month for three years — and forces his head into a Moulinex Chef food processor!

● CHUCKLE RATHER LOUDLY as JOKE REPAIR MAN pushes a Curly-Wurly bar up motoring correspondent Horst Pipe's nose, just because he's crap!

(JOKE REPAIR MAN has been sacked because he wasn't funny — Ed.) ♣

BILLY'S BANTER

*When the Royals talk, they talk to Club's **Billy Goat...***

Even members of our Royal Family need advice now and then — and though they're surrounded by people, it can be a lonely life. So when they need someone they can trust, they turn to their friendly local goat! They tell me all their secrets, and then I tell everyone else.

For instance, ever wondered why the *Duchess of York* has an arse like two buses double-parked? Is it because she's a lazy cow who does nothing but eat and ski? Naaaaaaaaah! I can exclusively reveal it's because she's addicted to

October

- In his first game in Rome, Gazza scores six own goals and is sent off for nutting a team mate. His agent tells the press: "Paul's mind has been taken over by Voodoo witch doctors from the planet Tharg. They are sending messages through Helen Mirren's nipples which are making Paul act as if he were a small piece of lemon sponge cake." The agent is subsequently diagnosed as insane by Italian doctors, one of whom tells the press, "He was crackers. Who would suggest such a thing? I mean, Gascoigne with a mind, it's ludicrous!"

November

- After Lawrie McMenemy resigns as England assistant manager, Graham Taylor says he would like another number two. Steve Harrison is subsequently arrested.

December

- Paul Gascoigne's troubled spell in Italy is brought to an end as a group of Newcastle breweries club together to buy him back for Tottenham. "It was either that, or bankruptcy," their spokesman says. Lazio, in a desperate bid to replace the wacky English playmaker, sign Ben Elton. ♣

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goat's cheese! My stable mate Clarabel assures me that her milk is used exclusively for *Fergie's* huge appetite. It takes two gallons a day to keep *Porky Yorky* happy.

Are *Charles and Di* really splitting up? Naaaah way! My inside contact Henry the milkman's horse claims that they've ordered two pints, cream and two pots of yoghurt (one kiwi and passion fruit Hippopotto-mousse, the other natural oak bark) for the next six months. Nuff said, eh?

And what about that wonderful old woman, *Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother*? *(No, that's enough. We're not taking the piss out of the Queen Mum. Sorry — Ed.)* You bastard. It was quite a juicy one and all.

Baaaaaaah for now! ♣

Lisa Anne

Photographs by Sally Windsor

Twenty-year-old Lisa Anne is a city girl through and through. "I refuse to go to the country," she says, "I mean, there's no shops, no clubs, and not enough guys. Boring! Give me the bright lights of the city any day."

But Lisa Anne, think of the fresh clean air, the friendly folk, the...

"...Cow shit, the muddy fields — need I go on? I'm a party girl, and my

idea of a party is not a barn dance in the middle of nowhere. And I'm afraid that life as a farmer's wife is not for me. I could see myself married to someone like Richard Gere, though."

So, Lisa Anne what are the prerequisites of your ideal man?

"He has to have money, charm — and a big dick!"

Any readers fitting this description can write to Lisa Anne at the usual address! ♣

PATSY KEN

She's been around for, ooh, quite a while now — and Patsy Kensit is still the sexiest thing on two legs. Club correspondent **Axl Kravitz** dribbles into the Kensit cleavage

"I'm looking for a straightforward fuck," says Pasty Kensit. "I'm strictly a one man adultress." Patsy is, of course, talking in character. It's the opening scene of her latest film *21* which — if opening scenes are anything to go by — will do wonders for her virginal-clean image.

It's easy to go into an interview with Patsy Kensit armed with a bagful of preconceptions. She's a bimbo, talentless — all the labels she's been stuck with over the last few years. But when you meet her you can't help but like the girl. She's charming, honest and a little embarrassed about her past chirpings: "I feel such an idiot when I look back at some of the things I said. I got a bit carried away with myself. It was like looking at an old diary or things you've written when you were younger. It just makes you cringe."

With her current splurge of publicity for *21*, it would seem she's holding her tongue well. In the film she plays Katie, a 21-year-old secretary whose attitude to sex is a fairly loose one — so much so that she has more than one man on the go at once.

Patsy herself is a one man woman, though she does share one thing with the Katie character. Ms Kensit — otherwise known as Miss Plum In The Mouth —

actually swears.

"Katie swears, there's a 'fuck' almost every other word. Unfortunately I find myself speaking like that now and again."

But that's probably as far as the similarities go. Patsy says she admires Katie but she can't be like her. "I wish I could be more stand-offish. But I find it really difficult to be rude to people.

SIT

"I really like Katie. I know girls like her. She seems strong and has this 'fuck you' attitude, but underneath she's sensitive and emotional. She has sex for fun which women aren't allowed to do in films."

Does she think men will be shocked by the film?

"The funny thing about men," she smiles, "is that they don't think women can sit down and talk about them like that. They think that what happens in the bedroom is top secret, but of course you do go off and discuss your sex life with your girlfriends."

Casual sex isn't for Patsy, though; after all she's a good Catholic girl. "I'm not into that sort of thing. If going to bed with someone is not going to mean anything then I'd rather not do it."

Are there temptations on set? You know, when things get a bit fruity during the love scenes? Rumour has it that she got very matey with actor Michael Bienh, her co-star in a film called *Nameless*. It's a rumour she quickly quashes. "We did get close," she admits, "but nothing happened....

"It's easy to fall into. It's easy to get involved with someone you're working close with. You start working on a film set with all the same people for six or eight weeks and you're starved of a decent looking man. By the end of it the technician who looked like quasimodo at the beginning of the shoot starts to look like Mel Gibson."

Ah, yes, Mel Gibson — Patsy's co-star in *Lethal Weapon 2*. Was she not the least bit tempted by Mel Gibson? Apparently not.

"Mel was fun. He made me laugh. He's happily married and we're both Catholics. I spent the whole time missing my husband Dan."

Her marriage ended late last year in a blaze of publicity. She is currently seeing Simple Minds singer Jim Kerr: the couple met in a hotel corridor in Madrid. Both were on their own — Patsy was filming and Jim was on tour with the band — and neither of them was looking for a relationship.

"We just got talking," explains Patsy, "and I know this sounds corny, but it was like we were old friends." The two are now inseparable.

"I'm much happier than I have been for a long time. I'm fulfilled emotionally and sexually."

But this won't be the last time she hits the publicity machine. Things are looking up since *21*. Strangely she nearly didn't get the part. When the director William Boyd heard she was auditioning for the role he was less than keen, to say the least, to cast her. But when Patsy put her famous charms to work he came round to the idea pretty soon.

Hollywood agents are calling her every day, she's got a contract with Disney for £500,000 per film and more offers than she could possibly cope with. "I could make a lot of money," she admits, "but I'd prefer to be a serious actress.

"I went to a meeting the other day in Hollywood. They asked me what I thought of the script and I told them I hated it. Later my agent got a call saying how much they liked me! It seems that speaking your mind isn't the done thing in Hollywood. They're not used to people being honest. They're used to actors kissing butt."

From now on it looks like Patsy's the one who'll be on the receiving end of some serious ass kissing. ♣

> **"I'm fulfilled emotionally and sexually"**

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lesbian sex, so I wasn't surprised when she came quickly, and I lapped up her juices with pleasure.

"I want to fuck you now, Sue," she said coyly, "but I've never done it before. Can you show me how?"

I changed places with her and talked her through the actions. She was certainly a willing pupil, taking in everything I said. She was a natural — the way she sucked my clitty had me screaming out loud! And she even took the initiative — making patterns on my body with the cream piping bag, then licking it all off.

Now Cathy often stays behind to help me 'clean up'!
— *Sue, Birmingham*

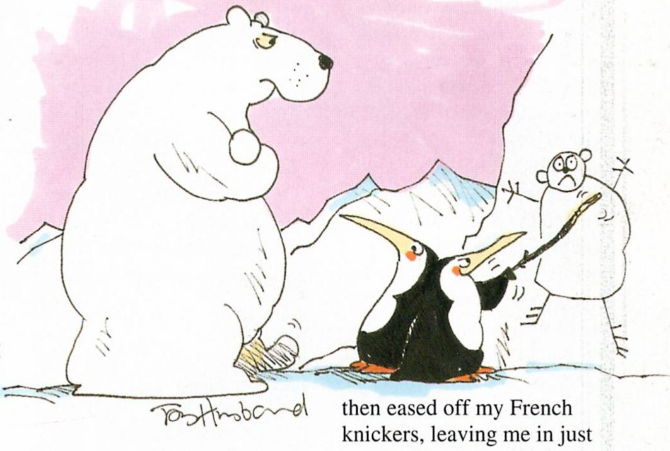
Class Ass

It's amazing how many men think rich girls are all coy and snooty. I come from a very wealthy family, and I suppose I do have a rather posh voice and so on, so most men seem to assume that I'm going to be all prim and proper in bed. Well, I am writing to let those men know that we posh girls may have good manners, but a lot of us know when to forget them!

The other night, for example, I went out with my friend Kirstie-Sue to a pub which is just near the flat which we share. We are both very pretty, so as soon as we got there we had lads trying to chat us up. We were both giggling as they tried every chat up line in the book. I actually did quite like the look of one lad, whose name was Tom. He was very rough and rugged looking, and I kind of like that in a man. So I told him, if he really wanted to sleep with me, all he do was to ask me.

You should have seen him! His eyes widened, and he was like a dog begging for a bone. So I grabbed his hand and led him back to my flat where I put some music on and got him a drink. There didn't seem any point in wasting time, so I slowly began to unbutton my blouse so he could see my pert boobs — I wasn't wearing a bra. I unzipped my tight skirt and slid it down over my hips, then eased off my French knickers, leaving me in just my stockings, suspenders and high heels. By this time he had a massive erection that was showing through his trousers, and I couldn't wait to see what he really had under there.

I went over and pulled off his clothes as quick as I



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ECOLOGY FILE

Club's own green bit. This month, endangered species No 73: The Black-Tailed Solo Harpist

One of the many creatures currently dying out is the Black-Tailed Solo Harpist (Musicus Prattus). Scientists cite two important reasons for this. Firstly, the Harpist cannot easily escape predators such as muggers as it is loaded down with its massive instrument which can weigh as much as 4 cwt. Secondly, its natural habitats — concert orchestras, palm court trios, the hernia department of hospitals — have been largely destroyed by the decimation of arts council grants and NHS cutbacks.

Therefore the Harpist has had to adapt. Here we see one, a German called Markus Klinko, who has chosen to live with a more successful endangered species, the bottle-nosed dolphin. The dolphins, being more intelligent than the Harpist, have learned to ignore him. What Markus doesn't know is that four Black-Tailed Solo Harpists were killed last week by Japanese fishermen trawling for tuna!

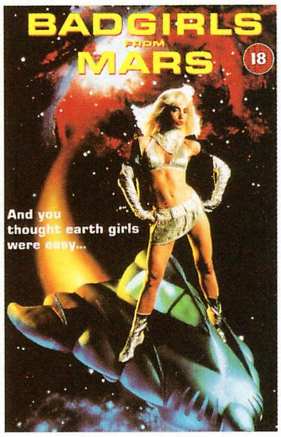
The photographer says thank you for mentioning the Miami Seaquarium, which is bloody stupid cos we haven't. ♣

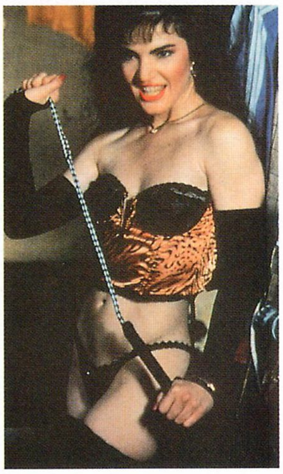
ALIEN SEX FIENDS

In which big **Allan Bryce** encounters huge-chested aliens and tries to suck the truth out of them.

Since *2001 — A Space Odyssey* very few movies have dared to push back the boundaries of screen science fiction. But now comes a picture that takes up the challenge; a picture that will inspire a whole new generation of would-be astronauts; a picture that dares to speculate that there may just be a race of sexually frustrated bimbos out there just waiting for we earthmen to sock it to 'em with our love rockets.

That movie is **Bad Girls From Mars** (High Fliers), and it opens with a very close encounter aboard a pink Martian spaceship. Picture the scene: a helpless earth male is chained to the cardboard walls while being given an enthusiastic blowjob by a beautiful topless brunette who has a figure that would make Mr Spock's ears stiff. "I hope you realise this is against the interplanetary code," says our stolid hero. "You can't force yourself on me sexually. This isn't the Milky Way, you know..." The brunette isn't impressed. She just keeps on gobbling away, pausing to warn him: "Enjoy it, buster. There's no room on Mars for limp dicks." Arthur C. Clarke eat your heart out.





But wait a minute. What's going on here? Suddenly the camera pulls back and we realise that we're on the set of a movie (and it all looked so *real*!) In a twist worthy of Hitchcock (Bertie Hitchcock, who works behind the bar at the Sponge and Bucket, Penge) it turns out that *Bad Girls From Mars* is a low-budget sexploitation effort being made by Miracle Pictures (ad slogan: If it's a good picture, it's a Miracle!).

But we soon learn that all is not well in this B-movie universe. The production is being stalked by a mystery killer who has bumped off a couple of the leading actresses. He makes it a hat trick by following our gorgeous gobbler to her dressing room and strangling her with a roll of film — what a nasty development!

But the show must go on, so the producers quickly sign up Emmanuelle, a renowned hooker who has velcro-fronted knickers and tits that contain more plastic than a jumbo Tupperware set. Emmanuelle is played by Edy Williams, a chesty Russ Meyer favourite who conspires to have her mountainous mammaries out in every sequence.

You don't need to know any more about the plot to enjoy the movie. Even the makers don't seem too bothered about the storyline, frequently panning away from a dialogue scene to catch some anonymous bimbo peeling off her top and massaging her tits. It's just the sort of thing we have come to expect from cheapie film tycoon Fred Olen Ray, whose other movies include *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* and *Sex Sluts In Space*.

And for those of you who are prudish about such things

HE JUST WOULDN'T LET IT LIE...

From his humble beginnings as Jim Moir through to the self-confessed title of Britain's top light entertainer (with a brief spell as a pig farmer), Vic Reeves promises an aural and visual attack on your senses in the *Vic Reeves Big Night Out On Tour* video.

Filmed in Newcastle in November last year and featuring family favourites like Graham Lister, Les, Novelty Island and The Man With The Stick, as well as our Vic knocking 'em dead with some terrific tunes from his debut LP, *I Will Cure You* (Island), it's a rowdy roustabout that's

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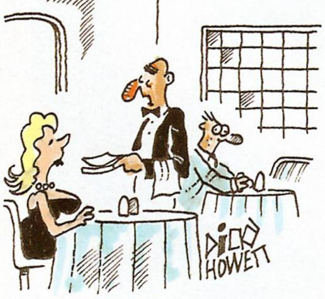
could, and then sat back in a chair in front of him, wrapped my legs over the arms of it, and said, "Come on, Tom. Come and fuck me like you've never done before." He couldn't wait! He placed his big cock at the entrance to my slit and rubbed it over my slippery lips before sliding it all the way up my pussy. My legs were wide apart and my fingers explored his hairy chest as he thrust deeply into my cunt.



It's a sordid proposition from the gentleman at the corner table, madam

His cock wasn't that long, but it was so thick it stretched my pussy walls to the limit. The feeling of being filled was so intense that I started to come almost immediately, and my cunt walls clenched even tighter on his prick as he fucked me hard.

I looked at Tom, whose face was screwed up, and I felt his body tense as he shot his warm load deep inside me. Then we heard some clapping, and standing there was Kirstie-Sue and another bloke from the pub. "Not bad, not bad at all," laughed Kirstie-Sue, "but I bet Danny and I can do a lot better!"

In less than a minute they were both naked and Kirstie-Sue was on all fours on the floor, feeling Danny push his cock up her pussy. I'd never seen her with a man before (though we did have a little lesbian fling one night) and even I was shocked at the way she acted. She was telling Danny to fuck her pussy hard, saying how much she wanted his come up her cunt, and asking him to pinch her nipples as he screwed her.

After a couple of minutes even this wasn't enough for Kirstie-Sue: she looked up at Tom and me with glazed eyes, and said "Come on — I need a cock to suck, and I want Penelope to lick my nipples while I get fucked. Come here and do me now!"

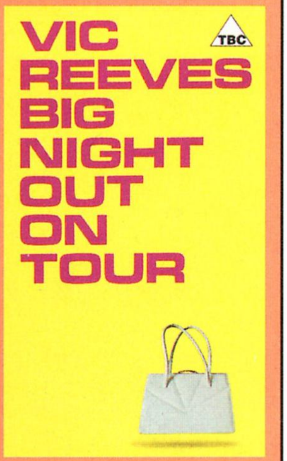
The dirty show he was watching had got Tom's cock hard again, and he was over beside Kirstie-Sue in a flash, pushing his prick between her

continued on page 98

(*the Ed and his assistant spring to mind*), you'll be pleased to see the helpful warning at the beginning that: "This film contains sexually explicit scenes. In case you are offended by such material we suggest you close your eyes when you hear the warning horn." This is a sound somewhere between a squeaky trumpet and a whoopee cushion which occurs roughly every five seconds or so whenever naked crumpet is on view. It's amazing what they can do with technology nowadays. ♣

guaranteed to leave you rolling in the aisles, or at least on the living room floor in front of your television.

And here comes the best bit, we've managed to get our greasy hands on absolutely loads *(Err... five — The Ed)* of copies of this hilarious video to give away; although, to be honest, with a Vic Reeves TV special, album, another couple of singles, a book, a film and this video, we can't help thinking that you're going to be pretty sick of the sight of young Mr Reeves fairly soon. If you fancy getting your hands on a copy of *Vic Reeves Big Night Out On Tour*, then simply answer this easy question: Who is Vic's partner in crime? Is it: a) Roderick b) Bob c) Eithne. Send your answers to: *The Vic Reeves Backlash Starts Here*, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. ♣



gabriella

Photographs by Franco Marocco

No prizes for guessing what luscious Gabriella's favourite colour is...

"Black!" laughs the 20-year-old beautician. "My three favourite things begin with b — bikes, the colour black and blokes! You should see me after work — I rip off my white uniform, dress in my leathers and drive around town on the back of a big throbbing bike with my arms wrapped around the chest of some big throbbing biker!"

So how would a fella show you a good night out then, Gabriella?

"Well," she smiles, "he'd

pick me up on his motorbike, ride me to a steak house for a slap-up dinner, ride me back to my house, then ride me all night long! I don't care what my date looks like; if he can keep up with me then he's a catch that I'll hang on to! I'm really bossy — especially in the bedroom — and I tell my partners exactly how I like it, so if you ever see me and want to try me out — watch out! You might not live to regret it!" ♣

results! results! results! results! results!

girl of the year

You Love Lucy!

From the first sack of votes it was obvious who was your favourite girl of 1991: Lucy! The delightful designer had twice as many supporters as her nearest rival, regular girl Kim. Again, a record number took part: over 30,000 votes were sent in, and 8,200 and something of you (we lost count) went for Lucy. Her celebration photoset is over the page, and we'll be sure to ask her back for some more appearances in 1992!

A couple of last year's favourites made a welcome return; Michaela looked as horny as ever, and Clare made fourth place for the second year running.

One message that comes through loud and clear is — you like blondes! Every girl has fair hair, with two notable exceptions: Mel, the seventh-placed brunette, and our heroine Lucy, who describes herself as 'auburn'.

Enough of statistics and observations: enjoy the favourites we're showing here, and then flip over to see Lucy's triumphant return: we reckon she looks better this month than ever before! ♣

No.1
Lucy 20–7

No.7
Mel 20–10

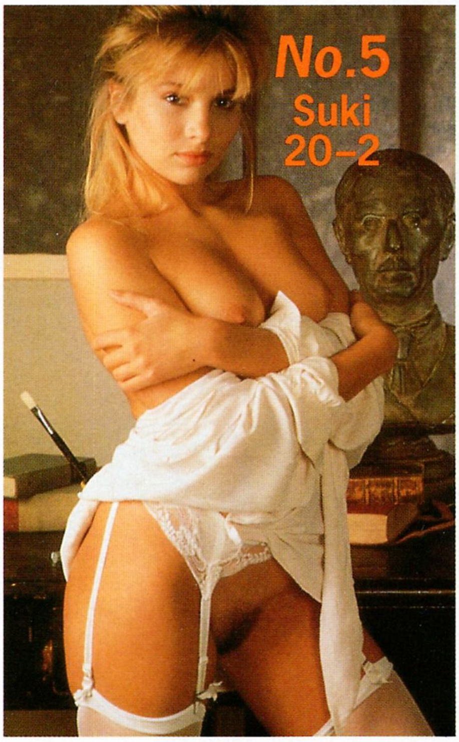
No.9
Kelly 20–6

No.8
Alex
20–1

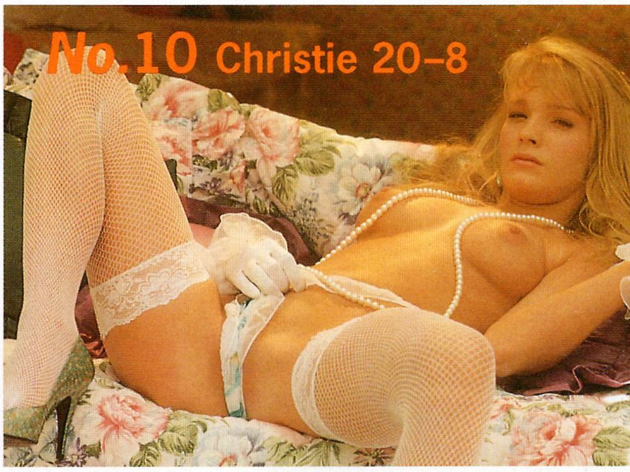
No.2 Kim 20–11

No.6 Michaela 20–10

No.4 Clare 20–4



No.5 Suki 20–2



No.10 Christie 20–8

No.3 Cassie 20–5

YOUR TOP TEN

1 Lucy
2 Kim
3 Cassie
4 Clare
5 Suki
6 Michaela
7 Mel
8 Alex
9 Kelly
10 Christie

girl of the year

Lucy

We don't know who was more pleased when Lucy was voted Girl of the Year: was it the lady herself, or was it the Editor? The boss has confessed that Lucy is just possibly his favourite girl ever*!*

"Well, that is flattering," laughs Lucy, "but I'm sure he won't mind me saying that being elected by all the readers is a bigger thrill!"

Our perfect redhead, who measures in at

Photographs by Scott Evans

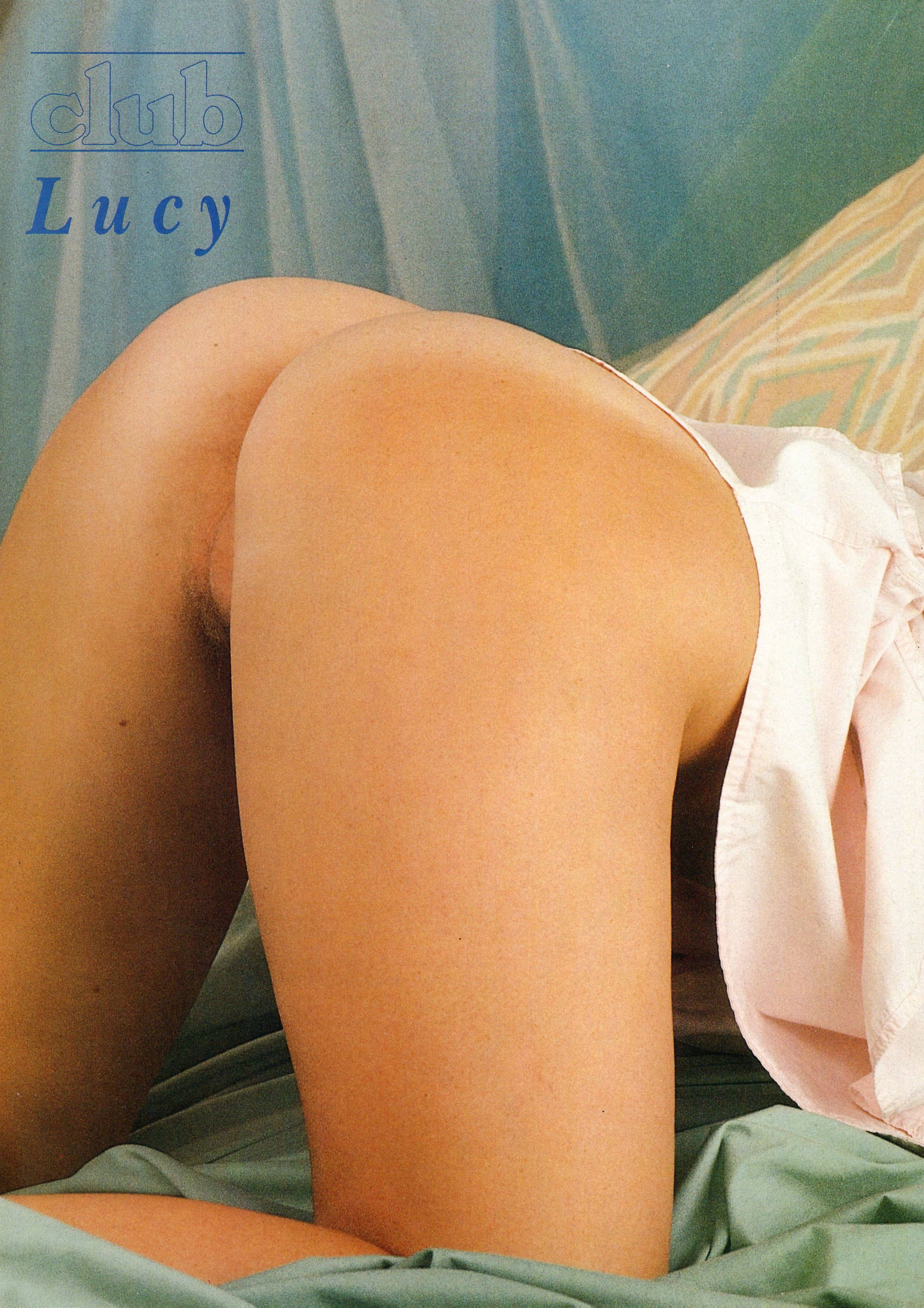
36C-24-36, has just turned 20, and can't decide whether to go on with her career as a graphic designer or give professional modelling a shot. "I'm beginning to think I'll stick to design, though," she says with a smile. "You see, I'd never modelled before a friend suggested I write in to Club — and now here I am as Girl of the Year! Anything else would be a

bit of an anticlimax, wouldn't it?

"Of course, I'll come back and do some more pictures for Club, if the Editor asks me to. I really hope he does! I don't think a man can ever really understand how good a girl feels when she knows blokes find her a

turn-on: that's why I find modelling for Club so sexy — I know how horny it's going to make all the readers!"

So being voted Girl of the Year won't change Lucy's lifestyle? "Well, it might a little. I've just started experimenting with sex, and I reckon that I might get some very interesting offers now that every guy in the country has seen my pussy. Ooops! Am I allowed to say that?" You certainly are, Lucy; and we're sure that the offers will come flooding in! ♣



Lucy

RAYMOND
REVUE BAR
LONDON
THE WORLD'S
MOST EROTIC
STRIPTEASE

GRIPPING YARNS

TWANKER OF THE YARD

In the early 1900s, a series of dastardly crimes perpetrated by a dastardly villian known only as 'The Streatham Suction Pump' brought terror to the capital of this country. Only one man, Inspector Frank Twanker, had the skill to bring the blighter to justice...

Many aspects of police work have changed over the years. Fingerprinting and blood tests have been introduced and Old Scotland Yard has become New Scotland Metre due to EC regulations. But some facets of the detective's craft remain unaltered: the shrewd eye, the expert intuition and the ability to add little bits onto a statement after the suspect has signed it.

All these professional skills were needed in the early years of this century, for while the gentry repeated Oscar Wilde's aphorisms in the comfort of their perfumed boudoirs, in the slums of our great cities crime was on the rise. Beneath the respectable cloak of Victorian society there lay a soft underbelly, moist curls of golden pubic hair, plump thighs dappled with tawny freckles and... er...

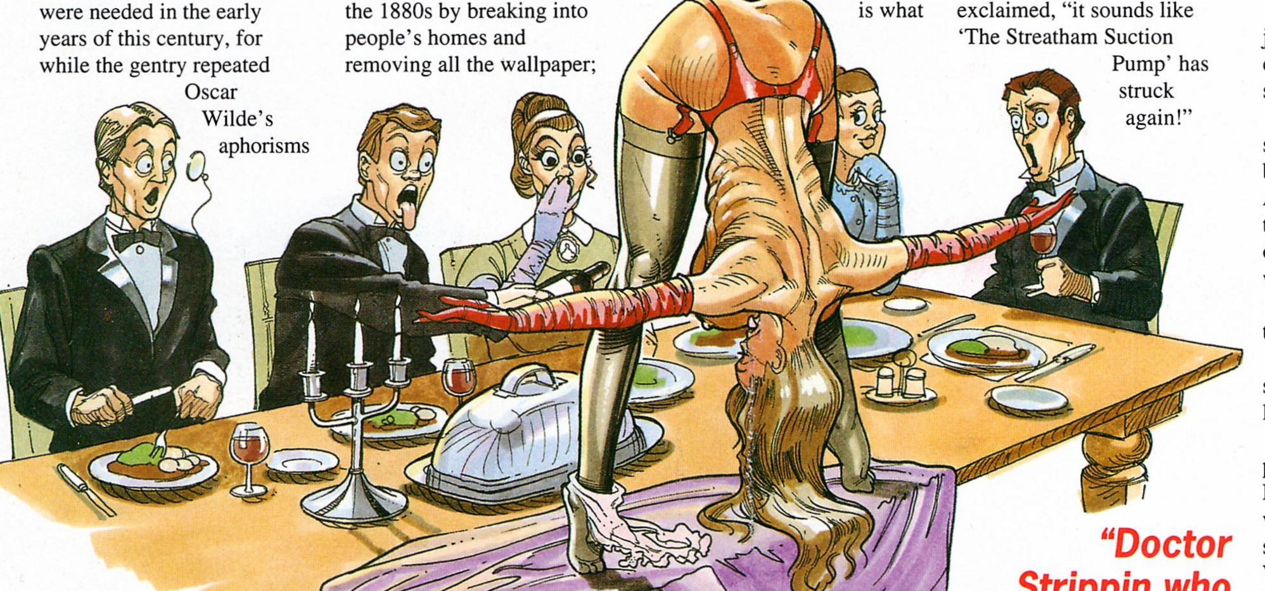
Where was I? Yes, behind the dignified mask there lay the ugly and unacceptable face of exploitation, brutality and Stu Francis. A side of life rarely acknowledged by the gentler folk of London society, but one which was all too familiar to Detective Inspector Frank Twanker and his colleagues at Scotland Yard.

The Yard houses the grizzliest collection of horrors to be found in London outside of 'Mr Arnold's Anorak Emporium' The exhibits of 'The Black Museum' bear silent witness to the ingenuity of the twisted criminal mind. Here we see the blow torch and metal scraper of Jack the Stripper, who terrorized the capital in the 1880s by breaking into people's homes and removing all the wallpaper; the red silk garter belt and long satin gloves of Doctor Strippin who horrified the metropolis in the 1870s by gatecrashing dinner parties and removing all her clothing in time to the music; and the underpants of Bill Dykes who intimidated London in the 1890s by leaping out of doorways, bashing people over the head and running off with their money.

However, even this house of horrors contains nothing relating to the most feared criminal of the 1900s, a woman known only as 'The Streatham Suction Pump', whose exploits threatened to bring the Empire trembling to its knees.

Scotland Yard, January 1904

The home of British detection was quiet. In the corner a group of prisoners sat silently waiting to be interrogated. A clock struck one — it gave him a terrible black eye. That, at least, is what they'd tell the police complaints department.



Twanker of the Yard sat at his desk reading *The Daily Blunderbuss*. His assistant, Sergeant Whelks, entered. His cape and helmet were covered in green gunk. "Cor, luv a duck," he exclaimed, patting himself dry, "I've just come through a real pea souper, guv'nor."

"Mist again, eh?" snapped Twanker.

"Nah," replied the genial cockney, "I haven't touched a drop, guv, honest."

Twanker folded the paper and handed it to Sergeant Whelks. "Can you make anything of this, sergeant?" he inquired. Whelks studied the paper closely. "Er, probably a hat, maybe a boat. I'm afraid the old origami ain't up to much these days, guv'nor."

DI Twanker seized the paper back from him. "I was referring to this article on the front page," he snarled. Locating the relevant item, he began to read: "Addressing the audience of distinguished personages at the Royal Academy of Eggheads, Foreign Secretary Earl Grey-Teabags stated: 'So long as the Schleswig-Holstein question remains a matter of concern to the Kaiser it will continue to be so to Her Majesty's Government. Ooh! That's so gooooood. That's wonderful. Aaaaah!"

Sergeant Whelks' honest cockney cheeks flushed as Twanker delivered his oration. "Lumme," he exclaimed, "it sounds like 'The Streatham Suction Pump' has struck again!"

"Doctor Strippin who horrified the metropolis by gatecrashing dinner parties and removing all her clothes in time to the music"

Twanker's face was grim. "Exactly so, Whelks. It seems that this time the criminal was concealed behind the Foreign Secretary's dais...."

"Stripe me!" interrupted Whelks. "There's enough room round there. His Excellency's a right fat bastard, if you don't mind me saying so."

The Detective Inspector ignored this piece of word-blind idiocy. "It is the second attack this week. You'll remember that on Monday Brigadier-General Stiff-Bitts delivered the following orders to the Household Cavalry." Twanker flipped open his notebook, cleared his throat and read, "By the first rank, quick maaaar! Oh fast, faster. Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

Sergeant Whelks' face was ashen. "Gor, guv," he croaked, "it's just lucky they were on Salisbury Plain at the time. If they'd been in Hyde Park they'd have galloped straight across Knightsbridge and through Harrod's food halls!"

"Indeed," said Twanker gravely. "However, this latest attack on a high ranking personage leads me to conclude that our villain is getting a trifle rash..."

"What, you mean eating a jelly and custard based dessert is bringing him out in spots, guv?"

The Detective Inspector sighed. "No, Whelks," he barked, "I don't mean that. And furthermore, I believe that the criminal behind these outrageous assaults is a woman!"

"A woman!!" exclaimed the appalled Whelks.

Twanker nodded. "Yes, sergeant," he growled. "Just like your wife."

A look of astonishment passed across Whelks' sturdy East End countenance. "The wife's a woman?" he spluttered. "Luv a duck! Would you adam and eve it! Imagine, for 25 years of married life she's been harbouring this secret. It only goes to show, guv, that in this world you can't trust anyone. But tell me, why would a woman want to go assaulting the Dangly Donald Doo-dahs of our leading public figures with a vacuum cleaner?"

Twanker eyed his assistant thoughtfully. "I don't believe she's using a vacuum cleaner, sergeant," he whispered. "Judging from the lipstick stains on Earl Grey-Teabags' combinations, I should guess she's using her mouth!"

Horror registered on Whelks' face. "Stone the

illustrations by Adam Willis

"Ooh! That's so goooood. That's wonderful. Aaaaah!"

crows, guv," he hissed. "Why would she want to do a thing like that?"

His superior leaned back in his chair thoughtfully. "What do you know about the libido, sergeant?" he asked.

Whelks rubbed his chin. "Only that it's what them froggies use to clean their bums," he said.

Twanker's eyes rolled heavenwards. He pondered for a moment. "Your wife, Whelks," he said eventually. "What does she like in the bedroom?"

The sergeant smiled, "Oh, guv, the usual things. You know. Chintz curtains, flowery wallpaper, a white veneer dressing table."

Detective Inspector Twanker let out a roar of exasperation. "You and your wife, Whelks," he yelled. "What do you get up to sexually?"

"Leave it out, guv," stammered the sergeant. "I only found out she was a woman five minutes ago. I ain't some kind of pervert, you know!"

Two Days Later

Twanker lit a cigarette and puffed upon it. "We have to catch this villain, Whelks, before she strikes again," he said. "In June, London plays host to the Empire Conference of Big Nobs. If she isn't apprehended by then she could wreak havoc. Still, I think there's an old proverb which might come in handy here..."

"Is it 'one swallow doesn't make a summer', guv?" inquired Whelks.

Twanker looked slightly sick. "No, sergeant," he snapped. "It's 'set a thief to catch a thief'. Send in WPC Amstrad."

"OK, guv," said Whelks brightly. "Is it alright with you if I pop off a bit early? Only me and the wife have got tickets to see 'Lulu Longbottom And Her Amazing Lungs' at the Bermondsey Hippodrome. The wife's very fond of a bit of balloon tying."

Twanker smiled amiably. "Of course, Whelks," he said. "And give your good lady my regards won't you?"

"Will indeed, guv," replied the sergeant. "She'll be ever so pleased, will Bernard."

June 1904, 10 Downing Street

Detective Inspector Twanker's plan to utilize the undercover talents of WPC Amstrad in a bid to apprehend 'The Streatham Suction Pump' had backfired. The Minister for Sewerage and Fast Food Franchising had interrupted his speech on river pollution with the exclamation "Oh yes! Pump faster! Pump faster!" with the result that Britain's salmon rivers were now totally denuded of fish.

WPC Amstrad had been charged with the offence and Lord Chief Justice Bassoongussets had ensured that she went down for a very long time. Then he sentenced her to ten years.

With the felon still on the loose and the Big Nobs conference just a week away, Twanker was beside himself. In the hope of persuading Prime Minister Campbell McGallstone to cancel the forthcoming meeting, the quick thinking DI had called in at Number Ten.

"...So you see, PM, I fear that the 'The Streatham Suction Pump' may be planning to blow the Big Nobs conference wide open. An act which could result in uprisings all over the Empire."

Campbell McGallstone paced the carpet. "Och!" he exclaimed. "I'm in a very awkward position!"

"Perhaps if you removed your left foot from behind your right ear it would ease matters, sir," ventured the police officer.

The Prime Minister grimaced. "This is no time for feeble word play gags, Detective Inspector," he snarled. "This Suction Pump fellow has the bit between the teeth and there's no telling where it might lead."

Twanker cleared his throat, "I believe the criminal to be a lady, sir," he said.

McGallstone blushed to the roots of his toupee. "What," he glugged. "You mean one of those smooth-cheeked coves with the frilly petticoats and the dumplings up their jumpers?"

Twanker groaned. "Yes, PM," he sighed, "just like your wife."

Campbell McGallstone laughed sardonically. "I hardly think so, Twanker," he exclaimed. "Julian, a woman! Why the suggestion's laughable!"

Their conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entry of the PM's private secretary.

"I wonder if I might have a word, sir?"

"Certainly," replied McGallstone. "Fudge!"

"Thank you, Prime Minister," said the civil servant backing slowly from the room. "I had rather hoped for an adjective, but that will do just as well."

"Now, Twanker," snapped the PM. "I'm afraid I must curtail our meeting. Julian and I are off to the Barking Majestic to see 'Lulu Longbottom & Her Amazing Lungs'. She's an incredible woman. Must have the most perfect breath-control in South London."

A 60-watt light bulb hidden in the cupboard under the stairs of Twanker's subconscious flicked on.

"Thank you, Prime Minister," he ejaculated. "You've been most helpful!"

That Night, Barking

Detective Inspector Twanker and Sergeant Whelks made their way round to the back of the Majestic Music Hall. There was a squelch as one of the men stepped on a 'stage door Johnny'.

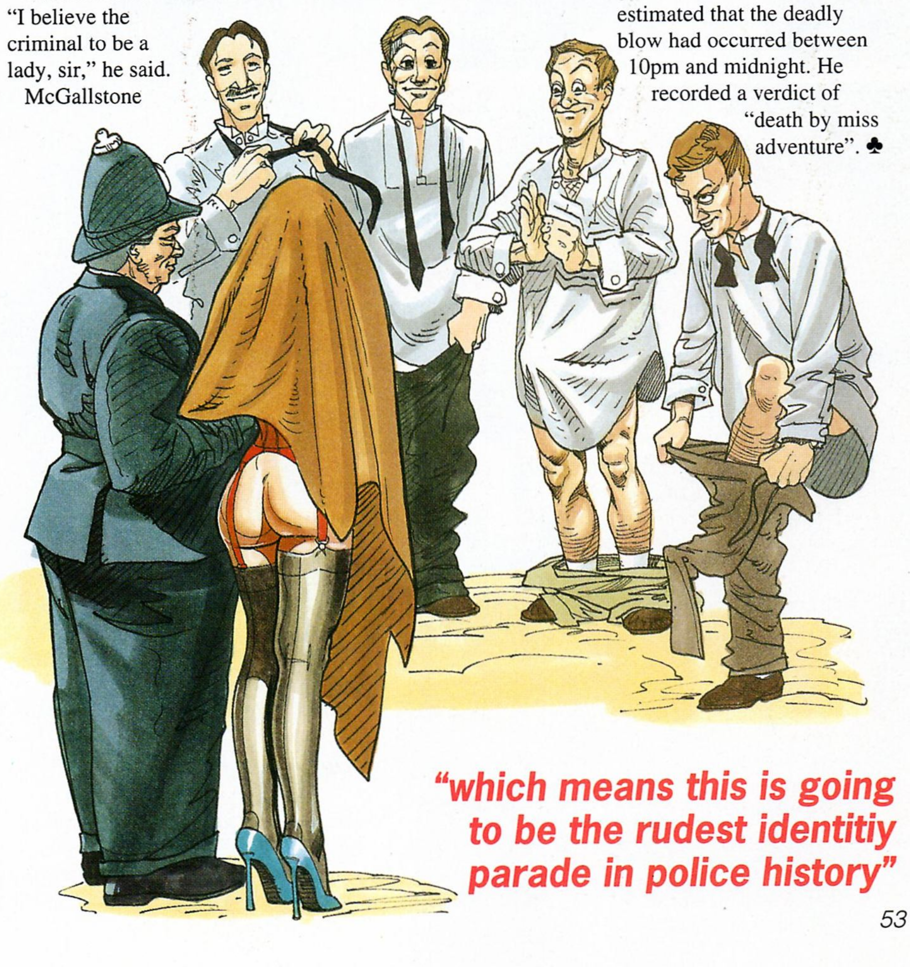
"Whelks," whispered Twanker, "I believe we are about to put a stop to the most criminal act since 'Little Titch Tomkins and his Tap Dancing Toadstools'. We will arrest Lulu as she leaves the stage tonight, take her back to the Yard and see if any of her victims can identify her."

"But none of them saw her, guv," replied Whelks.

"I know," said his superior, "which means this is going to be the rudest identity parade in police history."

Postscript

Unhappily for Twanker and Whelks they were never given the opportunity to put their theory about the identity of 'The Streatham Suction Pump' to the test. They were found by police the next morning. Their trousers were missing and they had both been suffocated by a pair of giant balloons. The coroner estimated that the deadly blow had occurred between 10pm and midnight. He recorded a verdict of "death by miss adventure". ♣



"which means this is going to be the rudest identitiy parade in police history"

Photographs by Michael Moore

kate

Nineteen-year-old cutie Kate, is trying to break ahead in acting.

"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" she bellowed when we politely enquired about her acting skills. "There you go — aren't you impressed? Just think, one day you'll be sitting in front of a cinema screen watching the latest blockbuster and lo and behold; it'll be starring me! I bet you that I'll be bigger

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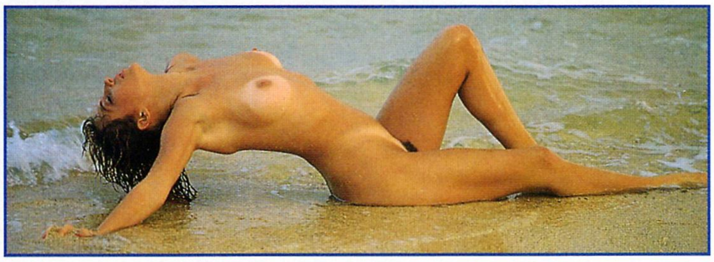
than Julia Roberts."

With a body like yours they'll never need to use a double for the sex scenes.

"No way," she laughs. I'll enjoy it for all it's worth — especially if my leading man is Tom Cruise. If I was acting a love scene I'd keep on fluffing my lines deliberately. Then we'd have to spend hours kissing over and over again till we got it right. So if any big producers are reading this, I'm the woman for your next role, okay!" ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

JUMBLE FUMBLE

Hi, my name's Miranda and I'm a 22-year-old redhead with big, round breasts, a small waist and long legs. I know it's quite vain to say so, but I do think that I'm quite attractive and I am always getting complimented on my appearance by my friends.

Recently my friend, Angie, was involved in organising a jumble sale for her young son's school. Angie always involves herself in any community cause, and because she's so eager about them she expects me to be as well. So I wasn't surprised when she asked if I would go around my neighbourhood asking for jumble. Usually I don't like doing things like that — you never know what kind of person is going to answer the door — but Angie has such a persuasive nature that she makes it impossoble to say no.

So I agreed to spend my Sunday driving around and knocking on strangers' doors. If I had known what was going to happen, I would have been a lot more eager, let me tell you!

After half an hour of trying unsuccessfully to get jumble out of people, I was surprised by the response of the couple whose door I knocked on next. It was opened by a gorgeous pouting blonde bombshell in her early 20s. I explained what I was after, and was all ready to be turned away rejected, when she invited me to wait inside while she packed some jumble up for me.

Inside the house she introduced herself as Cilla, and called out for her boyfriend Dean to come and meet me. My eyes opened wide when Dean walked in wearing just a pair of shorts, his muscular chest fully on show. What a complete hunk! He was about 6ft 4in and when he shook my hand I felt a huge bolt of electricity run through us. Cilla and Dean invited me into their bedroom and started looking through their cupboards, flinging clothes out left, right and centre and chatting to me like we were old friends.

Then Cilla pulled a strapless dress out of her wardrobe, turned to me and said, "Oh Miranda, this would look perfect on you! Why don't you try it on?" I agreed that it would look good, but it didn't look as if Cilla and Dean were going to leave the room while I tried it on. The weird thing was, I didn't want them to. So I pulled my T-shirt and shorts off, then shyly undid my bra. Cilla and Dean stared without a hint of embarrassment.

I stood, feeling a bit silly, trying to sort out the dress. I was just about to step into it when Cilla said, "Hasn't Miranda got beautiful breasts, Dean?" Dean nodded in agreement as Cilla moved towards me. "I'd like to kiss them Miranda. Do you mind?" I shook my head.

She took my hand, laid me down on the bed and bent over to suck my nipples. I felt like I was in a daze: I was shocked at what was happening, but at the same time I felt Cilla's tongue sending delightful shivers

through my body. I closed my eyes, and felt Dean rub my fanny through my knickers. Cilla took her top off and placed her breasts over my mouth, so I greedily starting sucking them, licking all around the nipple and feeling the softness of them with my hands.

Dean pulled my damp panties aside and starting tonguing my clitty expertly. Cilla moved up so her fanny was over my mouth. As Dean sucked my clit, I did the same to Cilla, and when he pushed his tongue right into my hole, I copied the action on her. “Hmm,” sighed Cilla. “I can tell you've done this before.” Well, she was wrong there — sure, I'd fantasized about it but really I was a lezzie virgin!

I could feel Dean pull my panties down and replace his tongue with his cock. It felt massive; I was soaking but Dean could only inch it in slowly as my cunt was stretched like it had never been before. I was trembling so much it was hard to concentrate on licking Cilla's sweet pussy.

Once Dean was in me up to the hilt, he started to pump my pussy — slowly at first, but building up to such a force that it was rocking the bed fiercely. Suddenly I felt Cilla's body jerk as she panted, “Oh Miranda,” and I tasted her sticky juices as they ran onto my tongue. Boy, she was delicious! Even so, I was glad that she had come quickly so I could fully concentrate on being fucked by Dean.

Cilla sat next to us on the bed, watching us both move in perfect timing. Dean moved me so my legs were wrapped around his neck and his cock entered me at an angle that drove me mad with pleasure — my moans were getting louder and louder until I was screaming out loud with each thrust.

“You've got her going now,” said Cilla. “Slap your big cock out and come all over her titties!”

I was a bit shocked at hearing someone talk like that to their boyfriend, but Dean was obviously used to it and he pulled his prick out and his come spurted all over my breasts. Cilla, obviously a come-hungry girl, lent over and licked it all off me.

“Are you going to fuck me now, Dean?” asked Cilla, winking at me. And to my surprise Dean's massive cock rose again. This man's prick was like a machine; whatever Cilla told it to do, it eagerly complied.

Dean opened Cilla's juice-coated pussy lips, and placed two of his fingers inside her. “No!” she ordered. “I want your cock!” So Dean sank his rigid cock deep into her. I moved a little closer so I could see him slide in and out of her. Cilla's long nails were clutching the bedspread while she moaned and groaned.

Seeing someone getting fucked made me feel incredibly horny again, so I started playing with Cilla's titties with one hand and my wet pussy with the other. As Dean pumped into her faster, I finger-fucked myself at the same rate. After a few minutes both our pussies were being pounded, and my fingers and Dean's cock were both a blur. We all reached orgasm at exactly the same time, and the neighbours must have thought a mass orgy was taking place because of the noises we were making!

When I went home my friend Angie was waiting for me. She was disappointed by the small amount of jumble I'd collected, but hopefully she won't be disappointed when I take her around to Cilla and Dean's house — if she's anything like me she'll absolutely love it! — *Miranda, London*

LIKE A VIRGIN

My name's Trudi and I have a confession to make — I only recently discovered sex! My friend Cathy was sick of me moping around and worrying that I was the only 18-year-old virgin left on the planet.

“Look,” she told me one Saturday. “I bet if you dressed a bit differently and got your hair cut and coloured you'd have all the guys running after you. Now, let's see — I know! We'll give you the Madonna look.” So with that she dragged me to the hairdressers and told the hairdresser to trim my mousey brown locks and bleach them white. I was absolutely horrified, but to be honest, I didn't want to

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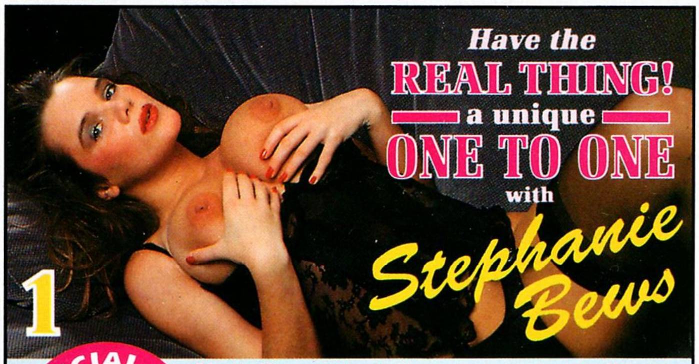

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complain — that's the sort of girl I used to be.

Two hours later I walked out of the salon looking like a new woman. "Now we'll buy you some make-up and get you some sexy clothes," said Cathy, obviously enjoying this, "and tonight we'll go down to the local disco and if you don't get a shag then I'll give up sex forever!" Coming from Cathy, this was a pretty risky threat, I can tell you!

When I looked at myself in the mirror at nine o'clock that night, I couldn't believe it was the same person. Cathy had dressed me in a black and silver basque, a black mini and stilettos, and a touch of make-up had made me look ten times sexier. I was shocked, but had to admit that I looked great!

When we got to the club all the people looking at me made me terribly nervous, so Cathy strode up the bar and ordered me a triple scotch on the rocks. "This will make you feel better," she said. I'd hardly ever drunk before, and I felt quite jolly by the time I'd gulped it down. I ordered another, quickly drank that, then decided the time had come to strut my stuff on the dancefloor.

The drinks had gone to my head; I was going up to all the blokes and wiggling my body in front of them. It was then I noticed the handsome DJ called Daniel in the booth staring at me. Right, I thought, and I shook my buns off towards him. "Hiya handsome," I purred. "Are you going to stay up there all night, or have you got time to treat lonesome ol' me to the pleasure of your company?" He smiled and said that he had a break in 15 minutes.

Looking back now, I guess he got these sort of proposals from girls all the time. During his break he took me out the back to his dressing room. He'd barely sat down when I pounced on him, kissing and exploring his mouth passionately. He seemed to be as excited as me, as he fumbled, trying to undo my basque. I pulled away and said, "Hey buster, I'll do it, and give you a show you'll never forget!" And with that I started dancing around, slowly rolling my tight mini-skirt down and then seductively unlacing my basque, so all I had on was my little frilly panties and stilettos. "Take your knickers off!" panted Daniel, so I did that as well.

Swinging my hips I sauntered over to him and undid his trouser-fly with my teeth. He probably thought I was the sort of girl who did this all the time. Little did he know that earlier on that day I was a timid insignificant creature who wouldn't say boo to a goose!

I pulled his trousers down then swung my bottom in his face, still dancing around like a stripper. Obviously Daniel thought that all his Christmases had come at once — his cock was almost bursting at the seams!

"Come here," he panted. I bent over him and licked the tip of his cock. I was a bit shocked at the salty taste — I'd always thought that it would taste like honey or something — but as I got used to the taste I swallowed more and more of his cock. I wasn't too sure of what to do, so I just licked all round it and felt his balls with my hand. By the way he was talking he seemed to think I was the best he'd ever had!

I wanted to make sure that I had a good fucking before he came, so I lowered my damp fanny on his hard cock. "Oh baby, you sure are an expert," he sighed, giving away how much he knew! As he entered me, inch by inch, I felt a beautiful tingling feeling that started in my cunt, then flowed throughout the whole of my body.

I was moving my fanny up and down his cock and, considering how tipsy I was, I really had control of the situation. Daniel was biting gently on my nipples and licking the whole of my breasts. I then felt an extra powerful tingle in my body and a wonderful explosion happened through me. I couldn't believe how great it felt, especially when Daniel's cock started jerking and I felt him shoot its load into me. I'd never felt anything so wonderful before!

I stood up, trying to maintain some dignity, and put my clothes back on. Daniel only had to pull his trousers up and was trying to find a piece of paper to write my phone number on. "I'm sorry, Daniel," I said to him, "but this is just a one-off thing. I only hope you enjoyed it as much as I did."

Daniel looked a bit surprised, but after the fuck he'd just had, nothing could wipe the smile off his face.

When I went back into the club I found Cathy perched up against the bar by herself. I told her what had happened and understandably she didn't believe me until Daniel dedicated a record to "A very good friend of mine, Trudi, the very best in the world!"

I guess it was a pretty exciting way to lose my virginity, and since then I've tried out my natural talent on loads of other hunky guys. So far I've not had a single complaint from anyone — I guess you could call me a 'stud'! Trouble is Cathy's getting a bit jealous. Now she's the little mouse that gets overlooked all the time, while all the blokes crowd around me. Oh well, maybe I'll just have to teach her a thing or two! — *Trudi, Manchester*

CENTREFOLD CONFESSION

In and out of the office

LUNCH-HOUR LUST

Hi guys, I reckon you might remember both of us from the pages of Club. I'm Jo, the blonde with the big appetite for sex, and my horny brunette friend is Marie. We've both been Club centrefolds in the past (and what a sexy experience that is, I can tell you!), so when I met the Editor recently and told him all about my adventures with Marie, he insisted I write it down for you lot straight away. And since just thinking about it gets my nipples hard and my pussy wet, I couldn't resist saying yes!

Marie and I had met before when we were both stripping our clothes off for Club, and I remember thinking at the time what a sexy girl she was. She seems quite shy, but there's something about the way her dark brown eyes meet yours when you talk to her that hints at still waters running very deep indeed! I always did mean to find out whether she liked a bit of lezzie fun, but then I lost touch with her. I didn't see her again until last month — and it was quite a reunion!

I've got my own company, importing and exporting ladies clothes (mostly very sexy underwear, which probably won't surprise you!), and as business is booming I decided to recruit a personal assistant. And I must admit, I wasn't too impressed with any of the people I interviewed — until Marie showed up!

I was very surprised to see her — and very pleased. She looked so smart, in her tight business suit, but I couldn't help wondering what she was wearing underneath it — and hoping I'd get the chance to find out! In fact I was so excited just to be in the same room as her that I completely forgot to give her a typing test, or ask for her references. I just offered her the job on the spot!

Marie started working for me right away, and over the next couple of days I found I was making so many excuses to call her into my office that she must have been suspicious. And I even spent one whole morning locked in my office, ignoring my calls as I sat there with my panties around my ankles, stroking my wet pussy and wishing it was Marie's fingers rubbing my clitty instead of my own.

The trouble was, I soon discovered that Marie couldn't actually type too well! After I found yet another hopelessly mistake-ridden letter in my correspondence tray, I decided it was time I had a word with her. I went into the outer office, and found her staring off into space, a dreamy look on her face and a big pile of work on the desk in front of her.

"Marie," I said sharply. She looked up guiltily, and blushed bright red as she caught my eye. "Come into my office," I ordered her. "I want to talk to you."

Marie nodded, and followed me into my office. She sat down opposite me, and I had to make a real effort to tear my eyes away from the curve of her thigh as her tight skirt rode up over it.

"Now, I'm sure you've realised your work isn't up to scratch, Marie," I said. "What's the problem?"

Marie flushed, and looked at the floor. She hesitated for a moment, then obviously decided to tell the truth. "It's you, Jo," she murmured. "I find it very difficult to concentrate when you're around. I've always found you attractive, but I didn't realise it would make working with you so hard!"

She looked at me shyly. I was so surprised I didn't say anything for a moment. I was acutely aware of a little pool of creamy wetness forming in my panties as I shifted in my chair. I felt so horny looking at this gorgeous girl and knowing she wanted me as much as I wanted her!

I think we would have got down to it right there and then if I hadn't had a client to see. But I wanted to keep Marie in the same state of lustful anticipation that I knew I'd be feeling, so as I told her, "Come back and see me at lunchtime," I ran my hand lightly over her thigh, just stopping short of her pussy mound. Her smile told me she understood.

The rest of the morning passed in a blur, as I took care of business, my mind constantly wandering to Marie and imagining what it would be like to touch her and feel her hands on me.

At last it was lunch-time, and I decided not to waste any more time being shy with Marie. So when she came into my office I was ready for her, with my skirt pulled up to show my stockingtops and panties. I was so wet I was sure there must be a damp patch on my chair!

Marie came in and perched on the desk beside me. Her legs were crossed, and I could see her bare thighs. She leant over and kissed me full on the lips, sending a jolt of electricity through me, but then she sat back and picked up her notepad.

"I've made some resolutions about my work, boss," she said, giggling. "Do you want me to read them to you?" I nodded, astonished by the way my shy employee seemed to be taking charge of the situation.

"OK," she said, and began to read. "I promise to improve my typing if you stroke and lick my boobs until my nipples are hard." At that, she unbuttoned her blouse, and offered me her full boobs to play with. I circled my tongue around first one nipple, then the other, until they were rock hard. There was a slight tremor in her voice as she carried on reading.

"I promise to improve my spelling if you finger my cunt and make me come." She pulled her skirt up so I could see she had no panties on. I ran my hand up her thigh until I reached her dark bush, which was damp with droplets of her pussy juice. She was so wet that my finger slid right inside her, and I began to pump in and out with three eager fingers, rubbing her clitty with my thumb at the same time. She must have found the whole situation as arousing as I did, because it took no time at all to make her come, gripping my fingers with her pussy walls, and struggling to keep her moans quiet so we wouldn't be heard outside.

When she'd caught her breath, she took my hand and licked her juice off my fingers, before picking up her notepad again.

"I promise to take better dictation if you lick my pussy hard," she read, breathlessly. She slid along the desk until she was sitting right in front of me, her legs straddling me and her juicy cunt just inches from my face.

Spreading her lovelips with my fingertips, I stroked my tongue along her clitty. She shivered, and I plunged my tongue right into her, as far and as hard as I could. She gasped and gripped my head, holding me firmly against her as I started to fuck her vigorously with my tongue. Her juice was flowing into my mouth as I thrust into her, slowing each time I felt her getting near her peak, then finally taking her right over the edge into an explosive climax.

After that, Marie sprawled back on the desk, her skirt still around her wast and a wicked smile on her lips.

"Have you got any more resolutions for me, Marie?" I asked her.

"Just one, boss," she laughed, "I promise to be the best assistant you've ever had if you let me fuck you too!"

"You've got a deal!" I smiled, spreading my legs so she could get to grips with my tingling cunt straight away. I was so horny I felt like I'd burst if I didn't have an orgasm soon!

Marie pulled my damp panties to one side so she could get a couple of fingers right into my pussy. I was so wet her fingers kept slipping out, but she had come well prepared.

"I've got something I know you'll like," she said, grabbing her handbag and pulling out the biggest dildo I'd ever seen. Then, kneeling between my legs as I sat on the edge of my chair, she slid it inch by inch inside me. It was so big I couldn't take it all, and it felt so hard inside me as Marie began to fuck me with it. I was too excited for anything gentle now, so Marie gave it to me fast and furious, pumping me fiercely with it until I came. Then she slid it out of my pussy and licked my juice off it.

"I love the taste of cunt juice," she said. "I like to taste my own, but yours is even sweeter. I want more!"

The next moment I was on my back on the desk with Marie straddling me in a sexy 69, licking my pussy. She seemed to know just how to touch me to get me even hotter, and just as I thought it couldn't get any better, she lowered her own pussy onto my face so I could lick and

suck her too.

When we'd both come again, I told Marie it was unusual for me to climax so quickly the second time.

"How about the third?" she asked, a naughty look on her face. "I bet I can make you come even quicker this time — but you have to do what I tell you!"

I knew she must have something really horny in store for me, so I followed her instructions as she got me to sit on the desk with my knees up and my blouse and panties off. She sat beside me in the same position, telling me, "I want you to keep rubbing and pinching your nipples and fingering your cunt until you're feeling really turned on."

I did as she asked, and she did the same thing. It made me feel incredibly horny to sit frigging myself in my office in the middle of the day, with a sexy girl sitting beside me doing the same thing and watching me appreciatively.

From time to time Marie replaced my own fingers with hers; and then she dipped into her bag and brought out another surprise for me — another dildo, but this time it was double ended, at least 18 inches long and with a realistic cock-head at each end!

"This way we can both get our pussies filled at the same time," said Marie with a wicked grin. She made me lean back on the desk with my legs lifted right up to my chest, and slowly pushed one end of the dildo up my wet cunt. Then she lay back opposite me and fed the other end into her own pussy, wriggling forward on the desk to get even more of the dildo inside her.

"Now I want to rub my pussy against yours," panted Marie. I didn't see how we could — there was still four inches of dildo in between us, and my pussy was full to the brim! But Marie just gave that sexy grin and started to fuck me with the dildo, moving her hips so it pushed slowly in and out of both our pussies at once. The sight was so dirty it drove both of us wild, and after a few minutes we'd taken a full nine inches each, and our clitties were grinding together with every stroke!

What Marie was doing to me was so horny, I knew I couldn't last long. "I'm coming," I gasped, and she ground her cunt against mine as I yelled out my orgasm. Then I lay back on the desk as Marie played with her clitty, the dildo still inside her, until she came too.

"You see, you even finished before me that time," she said afterwards. Just then, there was a knock at the door, and before I could say anything, my receptionist had come in to tell me that another client was waiting to see me. When she took in the sight of Marie and I spread out on the desk, boobs in full view and a huge dildo in both our pussies, she seemed rooted to the spot. Her mouth hung open and she couldn't get the words out. But Marie just laughed and said, "Sorry, I was just taking some dictation!"

I was delighted by Marie's brazen behaviour, and I told the receptionist I'd be ready for the meeting in a few minutes — when I'd finished what I was doing! She seemed pretty shocked as she scurried off, leaving Marie and I to give each other one more quick licking before getting back to work.

Since then Marie and I have been getting together every lunchtime to work on her 'typing'; and sometimes it requires so much attention that we have to spend the whole afternoon working on it too. Work has never been such fun! — *Jo, London*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

HARD RIDERS

My boyfriend Gavin and I are both keen bikers (no old jokes about getting a throbbing engine between your thighs, please!), and we often go away for weekends to bike rallies all over the country. Over the years we've got to know loads of other couples who go to the same rallies, but until last autumn we'd kept our sex life separate from them.

The thing is that Gavin and I have an open relationship, which allows us both to go off and fuck anyone else we like without any recriminations. During the four years we've been together I've fucked about 20 other blokes, all with Gavin's knowledge and approval, and I've lost count of the number of other women Gavin's had, the randy sod. It wasn't long before we'd graduated to watching each other's little sexual diversions, which we both enjoyed greatly. I loved the way I could get Gavin hard by letting him watch me take another man's cock into my mouth or cunt — these blokes were usually doctors who I work with at the hospital where I'm a nurse — and he loved knowing that my cunt would gush juices if I watched him eating out another girl, her legs splayed around his neck in readiness for the eight inches of hard meat that he was going to pump into her pussy at any moment.

It seemed like the logical progression that Gavin would watch me making love with another girl, but somehow we'd never got around to that in our hectic sexual schedule. And there was always the thought in the back of my mind that maybe I'd enjoy it so much that I might turn lesbian or something!

But at a big annual rally last September, Gavin finally got his wish fulfilled. The rally was held in a big field in Norfolk and we'd travelled up there the night before it began to set our tent up, me enjoying the rush of the wind and the tight feel of my motorbike leathers as they moulded every inch of my body and made my cunt all hot and damp. Gavin loves eating me out when I've been wearing my leathers all day, and I let him kneel at my feet and taste the mix of leather and cunt juice, wearing nothing except my spike heeled leather boots!

When we got to the field, our tent was pitched next to another couple, who turned out to be called Diana and Pete. They weren't one of the couples we'd met before, but I could tell that Gavin fancied Diana, a statuesque brunette with the biggest tits I'd ever seen closeted into a tight leather jerkin.

Instantly — and to my surprise — I found my cunt juicing up at the sight of her too. She was so overtly sexy, unlike any girl I'd ever seen before, that I found myself wondering what I could do to get inside those tight leather trousers she was wearing — and whether I would be able to beat Gavin to it!

Naturally, with both Gavin and I having the hots for Diana, we soon got down to doing a little drinking and spent the evening with them. Later on though, Gavin and Pete went off to watch some of the pre-rally entertainment, which included a female mud wrestling contest, so I knew they'd be gone some time! I also knew I had to take my chance with Diana that night, in case we were never on our own together for the rest of the weekend.

However, what I didn't bargain for was that, as soon as our respective boyfriends were out of sight, Diana would grab me, wrestle me to the groundsheet inside her roomy tent, and start kissing me and rubbing those marvellous boobs right into my face!

"Christ, you're a sexy bitch, Paula!" she murmured as she started stripping off my T-shirt and peeling my tight leather trousers down as far as my boots would allow. "I've been dying to get rid of the men so I could do this..." She sucked a bare nipple that I held up for her — "and this..." she pulled off my boots one at a time and teased my hot feet with her tongue — "and this!" She yanked down my panties and pushed her tongue right up into my hot cunt and brought me to a shuddering orgasm within a matter of seconds!

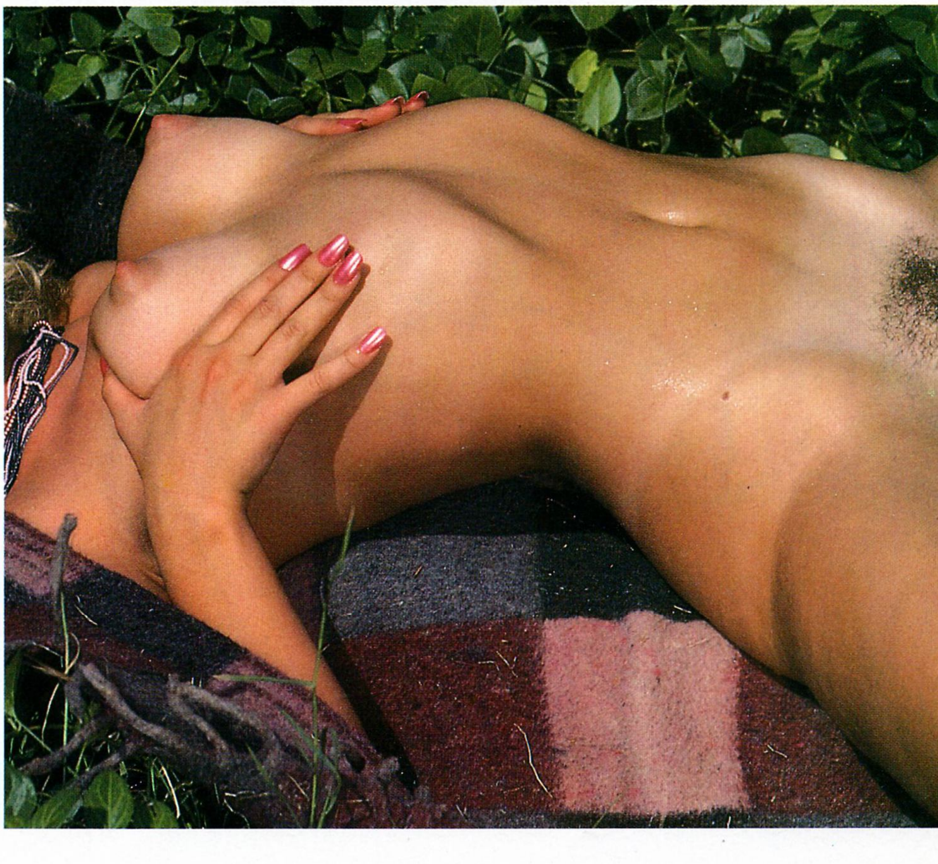
I lay there panting, just trying to recover my senses, while Diana stood over me and started to get undressed, looking down at me with a hint of dominance in her face, which got me more excited than ever. She stripped slowly, and when she was down to just her boots and underwear she threw off her bra and pulled one of those boobs into both hands so that she could suck her nipple, never taking her eyes off me.

It was such an arousing sight that I couldn't stop myself getting on my knees and pulling Diana's thong panties off, almost ripping them in my eagerness to get at her juicy, wet cunt. Her bush was luxuriant, covered in thick black curls, and I groaned with enjoyment as I buried my tongue right inside her dripping wet slit and started eating her pussy for all I was worth, looking up to see her licking and sucking her nipples all the time.

We couldn't take our eyes off each other, and for my first time with a woman I was learning how to tongue a pussy pretty fast. Diana tasted delicious, hot and tangy and wet, and she really ground her muff right onto my lips as I tried to get my tongue up as far as possible inside her. I was so absorbed that I didn't notice how long we'd been at it — or when Gavin and Pete burst back into the tent to find out what we were up to.

I stopped tongueing for a moment when I heard them both gasp, but Diana just smiled down at me and reached down to part her cunt lips further, her thumb resting on her own clitty.

"Keep going, Paula," she told me. "I'm just building up to my come..."



Gavin's face was a picture as I reburied my tongue into Diana's wet tunnel, gripping her smooth buttocks as hard as I could to keep up the close contact. I knew that this was what he'd been dreaming of seeing me do, but even he couldn't believe that I'd be randy and wanton enough to end up having sex with a woman that I'd only known about four hours!

Pete didn't seem at all surprised. "Diana, you dirty girl," he grinned. "I ought to've known you'd be into Paula's knickers by now." He turned to Gavin. "The minute my back's turned she's off eating another girl's minge!"

Just as he said that, Diana came massively. Not once but three times in a row I felt her wet cunt walls clamp around my tongue, and I couldn't resist reaching down between my thighs and beginning to play with myself. I was shaking with excitement and my clitty was so moist I had to hold my thumb really steady to start manipulating it properly.

"Don't stop," Diana breathed. "You've got some learning to do yet. Put one of your fingers up me with your tongue."

"But I need to come," I panted. "I'm so wet and tight!"

"I'm game, if you don't mind, Gavin," Pete said. I hardly thought Gavin was going to argue, but Pete didn't give him time anyway. He was over behind me in seconds, his flies undone, his already very stiff cock poking right out at me. I could see how the purple end was wet and pulsing, and it was heading right for my pussy at a rate of knots!

I adjusted my kneeling position with a moan of lust, leaning forward on one hand so that I could still finger Diana's cunt while I was licking it, but at the same time raising my hips and buttocks so that Pete would have a clear run at my cunt. And he didn't waste any time — within seconds his rampant cock was pushing its eager way up me and raising me off the ground with some of the most powerful thrusting I'd ever enjoyed in a fuck, his large hands steadying me round my waist as we adjusted the human daisy chain to a rhythm that we could all follow.

It was fantastic! I can't describe the feeling that went through me when I climaxed from having Pete fucking me so authoritatively — my cunt just seemed to explode, and I could feel my warm juices dribbling out of me and down the inside of my thighs. Pretty soon it was mixed with Pete's spunk as he shot up my pussy.

"I couldn't hold on for long with you thrusting that bum at me, Paula," he panted, trying to recover.

"That's what I was hoping," I replied, looking around to see what Gavin was doing. I wasn't surprised when I saw that he had his prick in both hands, firmly gripping the base with one hand and working his fist up and down with the other. "Because I think Gavin wants to swap places with you."

Gavin was kneeling behind me the next minute, teasing me by pushing his prick a little way inside me and then withdrawing it, until I couldn't stand it any longer. "Fuck me!" I yelled.

And then I felt the relief of another orgasm contracting through my cunt as he really started rogering me properly, probing his prick in and out really fast, just the way I like it. I was half screaming and half still licking out Diana's cunt, and I saw Pete go around behind her, grasping her tits so that he could knead and fondle them while he played his prick between her legs. I ended up alternately eating out Diana with my tongue and licking the end of his knob, which tasted of come and of Diana's juices as he kept sneaking it inside her along with my tongue.

I'd come again by then, and I knew that Gavin would be shooting his load any minute. "Spray it on me," I shouted to him. Immediately he flipped me over onto my back and I was hit by a gush of spunk as he directed his come over my boobs and cunt. The sight of that spurred the other couple on, and Gavin and I watched, exhausted, as Pete bent Diana over forwards so that we could see those lovely boobs swinging uncontrollably as he fucked her really hard. They both came together, shouting as they did so.

It was a great weekend and we tried every possible sexual combination between the four of us. I was knackered by the Sunday night! And when the rally itself was on, Diana and I spent some time getting more familiar with each other's bodies — I just wish I had time to tell you about that here too! — *Paula, Acton* ♣

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Suck my nipples	0898 777 913
I'll go all the way!	0898 777 921

PUMP INTO ME HARD!!

0898 777 924

Let me talk you thru' it!	0898 777 925
My bum - your rod!	0898 777 928
I'll lick your tip!!	0898 777 908

LATE NIGHT STRIP SPECIAL!!

0898 777 920

Talk dirty and spank me!	0898 777 923
My panties on your face...	0898 777 900
Suck my tits!! on	0898 777 929

PLAY WITH MY PUSSY

0898 777 926

Older woman likes it fast & furious!	0898 777 911
I'll give you a hard-on!!	0898 777 927
Shaven pussy, wild & wanton!	0898 777 915

UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH!!
CALL 0898 777 907

I'LL PLAY WITH YOUR STIFF ROD!
CALL ME ON
0898 777 916

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I LOVE IT DOGGY-STYLE
0836 405 506
ORAL SEX-UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH
0836 405 501
JILL (18) STRIPS MANDY (19)
0836 405 515
MANDY & SARAH EXPLICIT LESBIANS
0836 405 579
YOUR HAND BETWEEN MY LEGS
0836 405 537
LICK MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0836 405 507
SPURT OVER ME
0836 405 509
I'LL MASTURBATE YOU TO CLIMAX
0836 405 524
PUT IT IN MY MOUTH
0836 405 578
SECRETARY NEEDS DISCIPLINE
0836 405 582
TIGHT PANTIES MOIST LIPS
0836 405 565

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CALLERS EXPLICIT SEX CONFESSIONS 0836 400 851

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LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0836 400 762

MY MOIST PANTIES ON YOUR FACE
NEW
0836 400 783
DEBEE ASHBY - STRIP ME NAKED
0836 400 932
LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY
0836 400 811
I'LL RUB IT FOR YOU
0836 400 794
SPANK MY BUM
0836 400 730
JENNY SUCKS LIZ
0836 400 690
HAND JOB
0836 400 870

SUCK MY NIPPLES
0836 400 807 NEW
2 GIRLS 1 VIBRATOR
0836 400 797
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0836 400 768
LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION
0836 400 892
I'LL SPANK YOU W ★✮ K
0836 400 676
ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0836 400 999

ADULT CLIMAX ACTION
After 9PM Call 0836 400 850
After 12AM Call 0836 400 826
After 2AM Call 0836 400 821

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LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER!!

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DEEP THROAT DELIGHTS
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MY FINGERS INSIDE MY
PANTIES...0898 224 212...
LEATHER SADDLE NO KNICKERS
...0898 224 218...
I'LL LICK YOUR TIP
..0898 224 202...
RHYTHMIC TONGUE ACTION
...0898 224 206...
YOUR TONGUE BETWEEN MY
LEGS...0898 224 203...
I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS
...0898 224 208...
MY PANTIES IN YOUR FACE
...0898 224 210...
CREAM ON MY STOCKINGS
...0898 224 214...
WEAR MY USED KNICKERS
...0898 224 215...
MY BROTHER WEARS MY
UNDIES...0898 224 217...
WORN WHITE KNICKERS FOR
SALE...0898 224 213...
MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN
...0898 224 220...
COME IN MY PANTIES
...0898 224 216...
TIGHT PLASTIC KNICKERS
...0898 224 211...
MY STRAP ON SURPRISE
...0898 224 226...
RANDY LESBIAN ROMP
...0898 224 228...
HOW ABOUT A TASTE
...0898 224 233...
MY TONGUE MAKES HER WET
...0898 224 222...
I FONDLED HER HARD NIPPLES
...0898 224 221...
TAKE ME FROM BEHIND
...0898 224 244...
MOUTHING YOU OFF
...0898 224 207...
XXX RATED ORAL ORGY
...0898 224 209...
HEAR ME DO IT ON THE PHONE
...0898 224 232...
BLUE MOVIES MAKE ME WET
...0898 224 234...

SEDUCED BY THE LANDLADY
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FANNY WANT'S YOU!!
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MASTURBATING IN FRONT OF
THE MIRROR...0898 224 231...
VIBRO SEX, WET & SLIPPERY
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YOU THRUST, I'LL SWALLOW
...0898 224 237...
CAUGHTY MASTURBATING ON
THE TRAIN...0898 224 239...
WET & WAITING FOR YOU
...0898 224 238...
TAKING TURNS WITH THE BOSS
...0898 224 224...
GIRLS WHO EAT C***
...0898 224 227...
SWEET SUE SUCKS YOU OFF
...0898 224 240...
I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE I SPANK
"U"...0898 224 241...
DIRTY SEX TALK...0898 224 249.
VERY PERSONAL PHONE SEX
...0898 224 242...
I'LL MAKE "U" WEAR MY
STOCKINGS...0898 224 243...
MY LEGS ARE SPREAD FOR YOU
...0898 224 246...
I'LL GIVE YOU A HARD RIDE
...0898 224 247...
HEAD OR TAILS - I LOVE BOTH!
...0898 224 248...
ORAL NYMPHS
...0898 224 204...
IN MY MOUTH
...0898 224 205....
SUCKING SUZIE
...0898 224 200....
G SPOT GIRLS
...0898 224 219...
LESBIAN CONFESSIONS!!!
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...0898 224 225...
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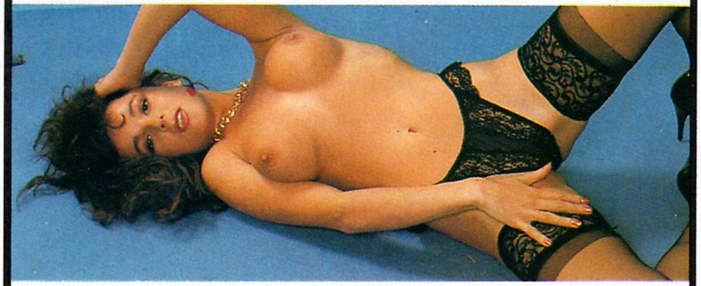

BACK DOOR DESIRE 0898 200 926	DIRTY REQUESTS 0898 200 979
TARTS CONFESSION 0898 200 928	STICKY IN SILK 0898 200 989
STRIP ME NAKED 0898 200 929	LET'S TALK DIRTY 0898 200 991
LESBIANS 0898 200 931	FULL & FIRM 0898 200 992
KNICKERLESS 0898 200 932	SLIP BETWEEN THEM 0898 200 994
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OVER YOUR KNEE 0898 200 944	HUNGRY HOUSEWIVES 0898 200 919
PERT BOTTOM 0898 200 951	KNEEL BEFORE ME 0898 200 921
TOY BOY TEASE 0898 200 978	I'LL SWALLOW IT 0898 200 995

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PUT IT IN
MY MOUTH
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HORNY OLDER WOMAN HUNGRY TO BE FILLED
0836 403 197

I'M ON ALL FOURS TAKE ME
0836 403 198 ★

ORAL SEX COME ACTION
0836 402 451 ★

YOUR HEAD BETWEEN MY LEGS
0836 402 456 ★

I'LL SUCK IT NOW
0836 402 598 ★

AFTER 9PM
BIG BOYS SPECIAL
0836 402 769
AFTER 12AM
ORAL SEX
0836 404 774

BEND ME OVER
0836 402 694 ★

SUCK MY TITS
0836 402 779 ★

STRIPPED THEN SPANKED
0836 402 761
SHOOT OVER ME
0836 404 860
MASTURBATE WITH ME
0836 404 787
MY SKIRT IS AROUND MY WAIST
0836 404 797

SECRETARY NEEDS SPANKING
0836 404 858
DO IT WHILE MY HUBBY WATCHES
0836 402 997
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EASTERN EROTICA... 0898 224 288
I'll talk DIRTY while 'u' do it on 0898 224 258
FOURSOME in a SEX FRENZY on 0898 224 259
HORNY BEAVER!! 0898 224 260
Caught from BEHIND!! 0898 224 261
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Share my SEX TOYS with me! 0898 224 269
BETWEEN my cheeks! 0898 224 263
CLIMAX on my stockings... 0898 224 272
I'm Sally, SPANK me!! 0898 224 265
CUM!! Wear my knickers 0898 224 273
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156
166
170
177
184

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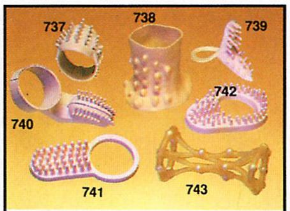
187 Save over £10 – all five Pleasers for just £34.00



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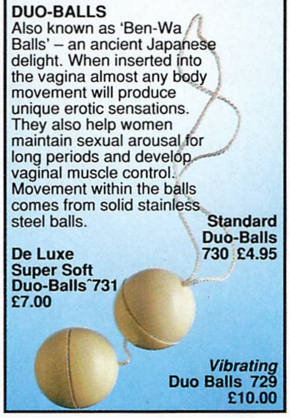

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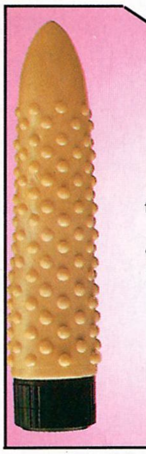

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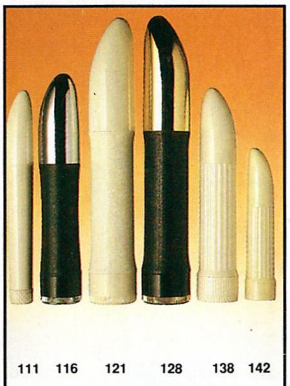

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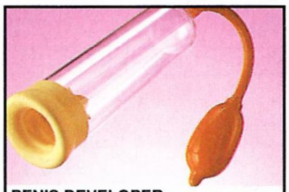

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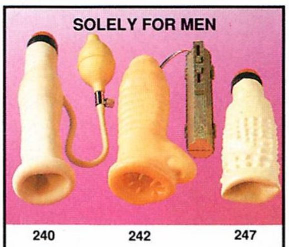

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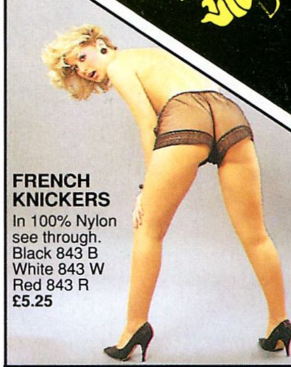

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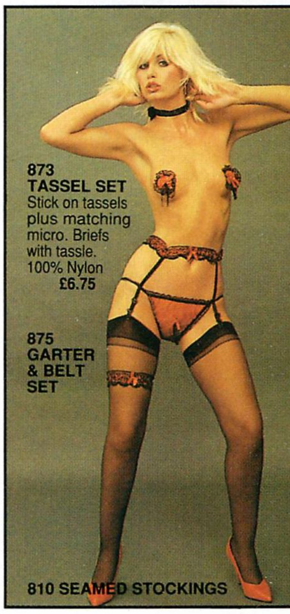

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117
106

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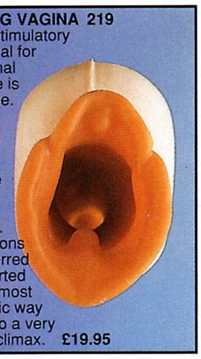

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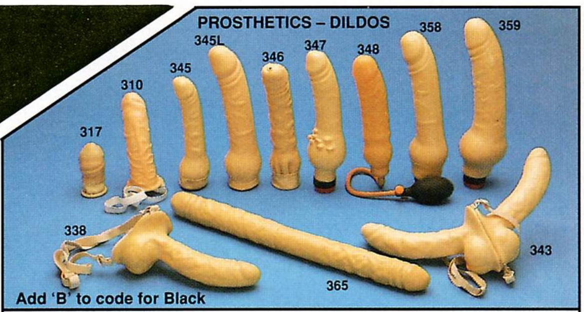


PADDED SHEATH 303
It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra $1^1/_2$" to the penis. Complete with body belt. £8.75

SUPPORT SHEATH 310
As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. £9.75

EXTENSION SHEATH
A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds $1^1/_2$" effective length to the male organ.
317 F Flesh or 317 B Black £4.00

HAND PROSTHETIC
For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	£8.75
345L	Large standard model	£10.50
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	£14.00
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	£14.50
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	£14.00

358 BULLY BOY
A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth £13.25

359 GIANT BULLY BOY
The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. £14.75

PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS
Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

338	Standard model	£18.50
339	Ejaculating action	£20.00
340	Vibrating model	£21.00

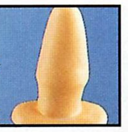
DOUBLE DILDO
As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

343	Standard model	£25.00
344	Vibrating model	£27.50

DOUBLE DONG
Highly flexible for every need.

365	Standard model	£16.00
366	Vibrating model	£18.00

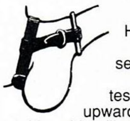
LOVE PLUG 725
A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control **£7.75**



'G' SPOT VIBRATOR
A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime.
188 MONSTER 'G'SPOT £12.50
189 STANDARD 'G' SPOT (Illst.) **£11.00**

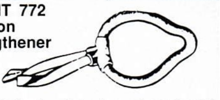
Grafenberg Spot

JACK STRAP 765

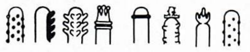


Hand-crafted in soft leather, this male sex aid will, by bringing the penis and testicles forwards and upwards produce an eye-catching girl-pulling bulge in tight jeans or trousers. Combines visual delight with physical pleasure **£6.75.**

MENFIT 772
Erection Strengthener



Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit individual requirement. **£4.00**

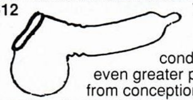


FRENCH TICKLERS
Women love these erotic sheaths. The added profiles of soft latex help to heighten the sensitivity of the vaginal tract. Eight different shapes – all reusable – may differ from illustration.
601/4 Four for £3.75
601/8 All eight for £6.00

MALE POUCHES
Luxury male posing pouches to enhance the ego and excite your partner.

WET LOOK (as illustrated)
Black (882 B) or Red (882 R) **£3.75**
LEOPARD (885) **£3.70**
FISHNET Black (891) **£4.00**
SEE-THROUGH Nylon
Black (894 B) Red (894 R) **£3.25**
LEATHER Black (991) **£12.00**

SUPER COVERALL CONDOM 612



This new extra strength condom gives even greater protection from conception and the transfer of sexual diseases than an ordinary sheath. Fits over both penis and testicles. Washable and reusable. **£2.50**

CREAMS & SPRAYS

ORALUBE for fruitier lovemaking

441 Banana **442** Chocolate **443** Strawberry	£3.00
446 LOVE LUBE deluxe with water base. Ideal for all sexual purposes long lasting 60cc bottle	£2.25
450 ACTION SPRAY for erection problems	£3.90
453 DELAY SPRAY For the over eager man	£3.90
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464 TNT CREAM FOR MEN Penis action cream	£3.20
467 NIPPLEVITE Titillating cream	£3.00
471 VITAMIN E MASSAGE Penal cream	£2.60
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488 TOP STOP DELAY CREAM Staying power for men	£2.80
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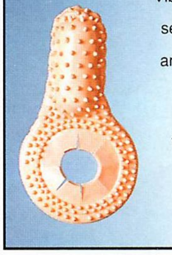
3 for £8.00
or 5 for £12.50

FLEXI VIBRO RING 711
Vibrantly thrilling. Covered with sensual nipples, it fits snugly around the base of the penis and transmits its variable vibrations to the penis shaft and during lovemaking to the vaginal lips and clitoris. **£8.25**



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Standard Lewdo 506 in postal tube **£9.00**
Deluxe Lewdo 505 Boxed with folding board **£15.00**

VAGINAL DOUCHE 786
Used successfully by women throughout the world. Ideal for clearing and rinsing the vaginal passage. **£9.50**

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Safe Play ribbed	24	£4.90	☐
Elite ultra sensitive	24	£6.40	☐
Gossamer lubricated	24	£5.30	☐
Fetherlite extra fine	24	£4.60	☐
NuForm extra safe	24	£5.70	☐
Gold long– no teat	24	£7.15	☐
Extra Strong	24	£7.30	☐
Arouser ribbed	24	£6.80	☐
Duragel spermidical tube		£3.30	☐
Lubricating Jelly 2 tubes		£3.50	☐
GERMAN BRANDS			
ABC Double Sure	24	£4.50	☐
Stud Ride	24	£6.30	☐
Long Love	24	£5.25	☐
Conture-Naturform	24	£5.80	☐
Dry	24	£4.60	☐
Amor 6 colours	36	£5.00	☐
Variety samples	36	£8.50	☐

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My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
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Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
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My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
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Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys 0898 300 816 (E)

My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All 0898 700 368 (D)

Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me 0898 300 817 (A)

Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other 0898 300 811 (B)

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 355 (E)

Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping 0898 700 355 (A)

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You 0898 700 368 (C)

Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us 0898 300 814 (D)

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You 0898 300 816 (C)

Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party 0898 700 355 (B)

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties 0898 100 432 (A)

Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You 0898 100 465 (A)

Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience 0898 300 814 (E)

Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please 0898 100 465 (D)

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me 0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one)
0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

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- ☐ ***Reds — Special Offer, 18 Bottles in Display Tray £39.95***
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Feeling Very Horny	0898 362 678
My Lesbian Experience	0898 362 676
Very Experienced At 50	0898 362 674

MOUTH ACTION

My Mouth Is Ready	0898 442 217
Oral Pleasure	0898 442 218
In My Mouth	0898 442 219
All The Way	0898 442 220
My Tongue Around It	0898 442 221
I'll Swallow It	0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

Lesbian Oral Action	0898 442 224
Games and Special Toys	0898 442 225
Shower Lust	0898 442 226
Sixty Nine Girls	0898 442 227
Lesbian Fantasies	0898 442 228
Down On Each Other	0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 230
On My Lap	0898 442 231
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 442 232
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 442 233
Bend Over, Take That	0898 442 234
Smack My Bottom	0898 442 235

T.V. FUN

Dressed To Please	0898 442 236
Swapping With The Wife	0898 442 237
T.V. In Soho	0898 442 238
In Front Of The Mirror	0898 442 239

DRESSED TO PLEASE

My Black Stockings	0898 442 240
Striptease For You	0898 442 241
Mini Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 245
Wet T Shirt	0898 442 246
Bra Busting 42D	0898 442 247

SPECIALS

You've Been Naughty	0898 442 248
Stocks & Bonds	0898 442 249
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 442 456
Nympho Housewife	0898 442 257
Play With Me	0898 442 258
Treated Like A Slave	0898 442 259
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 442 260
Video Vixens	0898 442 261
Dirty Talk	0898 442 262
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 442 263
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 442 264
Licking Girls	0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 442 266
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 442 267
Hot Danish Girls	0898 442 268
Try The Filipino Way	0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Let Me Slide It In	0898 442 270
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 442 271
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 442 272
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 442 273
Lesbian First Time	0898 442 274
Climax With Me	0898 442 275
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 442 276
Oral Satisfaction	0898 442 277
French Oral	0898 442 278
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 442 279

HANKY SPANKY

Across The Desk	0898 442 235
In The Study	0898 442 234
Whacko	0898 442 233
Naughty Girl Comes Clean	0898 442 232
Over My Knee	0898 442 231
Whipped Cream	0898 442 230

GAY MEN ONLY

Cycle Club Lovers	0898 362 676
Male Confessions	0898 362 675
After The Game	0898 362 682

ORAL DELIGHT

I'll Suck It Now	0898 442 223
Throb In My Throat	0898 442 221
Wicked Tongue	0898 442 220
My Mouth Is Open	0898 442 219
Deep Throat	0898 442 218
Tongue Tied	0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

Wild Lesbians At It	0898 442 280
A Good Hard Spank	0898 442 281
Hand Relief	0898 442 282
In My Knickers	0898 442 283
Randy Housewife	0898 442 284
	0898 442 285
Restrained Pleasure	0898 442 588
Boobs For You	0898 442 589
Mistress Will Do Anything	0898 442 590
Hot Lips To Please	0898 442 591
Wet & Ready	0898 700 592
Gay College Girls	0898 300 593
Ultimate Pleasure	0898 300 594
Six Of The Best	0898 300 595
I'll Play With You	0898 300 596

ALL THE WAY

My Knickers Are Down	0898 442 597
Let Me Make It Grow	0898 442 598
Wet Dreams	0898 442 162
Girls Strap it On	0898 442 164
Dirty Talker	0898 442 194
Shaved & Ready	0898 362 679
It Watched My Neighbour	0898 362 680
Come With Me	0898 362 681

GAY FUN

Brian In The Showers	0898 362 682
Mens Talk	0898 362 675
Cycle Club Lust	0898 362 676

FANTASY DIALING

Aged 50 & Experienced	0898 362 674
First Time Lesbian	0898 362 676
Randy and Ready	0898 362 678
My Fingers Are Playing	0898 362 672
Slow Start/Fast Finish	0898 362 673

INFERNO LINES

My Hand Will Excite	0898 300 596
Whacking Good Time	0898 300 595
Any And Every Way	0898 300 594
College Lesbians	0898 300 593
Wet & Willing	0898 700 592
Oral Action	0898 442 591
I'll Do Anything	0898 442 590
Explore My Boobs	0898 442 589
Bound To Please	0898 442 588
	0898 442 285
Frustrated Wife	0898 442 284
Knicker Delight	0898 442 283
Taken In Hand	0898 442 282
Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 281
Lesbians Go All The Way	0898 442 280

SHE MAN DELIGHT

Posing On The Corner	0898 442 239
T.V. On The Town	0898 442 238
In My Wife's Undies	0898 442 237
Dressed To Thrill	0898 442 236

BIZARRE

Girls Using Their Tongues	0898 442 265
Next Door Nympho	0898 442 264
Girls Into Rubber	0898 442 263
Talking Like A Tart	0898 442 262
Hot Video Girls	0898 442 261
Hand Job	0898 442 260
Strict Mistress Dominates	0898 442 259
Climax With Me	0898 442 258
Husband Away Let's Play	0898 442 257
Lesbian Next Door	0898 442 256
	0898 442 249
1-2-3-, Over My Knee	0898 442 248

EUROPE'S HOTTEST

Oriental Special	0898 442 269
Scandinavian Orgy	0898 442 268
Dutch Lesbians At It	0898 442 267
Danish 'O' Level	0898 442 266

Adults Only
Sex Club Classified

DIAL NOW!

Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap rate, 48p all other times. STG. P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.

XXX CLIMAX

Masturbate Together	0898 362 681
My Neighbour & My Wife	0898 362 680
My Roving Razor	0898 362 679
I'll Talk Dirty	0898 442 194
Two Girls, One Toy	0898 442 164
Climax Over Me	0898 442 162
I'll Unzip You	0898 442 598
Take My Knickers Off	0898 442 597

DRESSED TO THRILL

Big Boobs To Please	0898 442 247
See Through Blouse	0898 442 246
Stockings To Delight	0898 442 245
Split Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Strip Special	0898 442 241
Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 240

PLEASURE LINES

42D – Play With Me	0898 442 278
I'll Take It All	0898 442 277
Ready For You	0898 442 276
Let's Climax Together	0898 442 275
Bonking Lesbians	0898 442 274
Get It Out	0898 442 273
Playing With Myself	0898 442 272
Fantasise With Me	0898 442 271
All The Way	0898 442 270

ALL GIRL ACTION

Playing Together	0898 442 229
Lesbian Desires	0898 442 228
Licked To Excite	0898 442 227
Shower Girls	0898 442 226
Into Each Other	0898 442 225
Miss Muff Goes Down	0898 442 224

P.V Sales, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

8 EXPLICIT IMPORTED HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES

FOR LESS THAN £5 each

Uncensored by the BBFC

PRICE BUSTING

These explicit video titles were £49.95 each and more — now when buying at least 4 titles you can have them for under £5 each.

1992 IS HERE!

1992 is European Unification Year and it means freedom of movement across National boundaries. It also means explicit, hard-core videos from Europe can now be sold in the UK; and they are uncensored by the BBFC. One of our warehouses is packed high with it and from now on this is the material we will send you.

YES THAT'S RIGHT ▶ 4 For Only £19.95 NOT £19.95 EACH Grab all 8 FOR ONLY £37.50

OFFER A

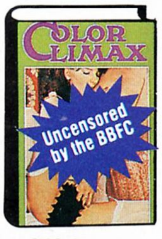
TAKE THESE FOUR REAL HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES FOR ONLY £19.95

YES, THAT'S RIGHT — ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95 — NOT £19.95 EACH. Only sold in batches of 4 to minimize transport and handling costs.

COLOR CLIMAX 125

See one girl satisfy four horny studs in an ejaculation special PLUS lesbian and hot dildo action features.

Originally priced at ~~£49.95~~



JOHN HOLMES & URSULA

He's the man with the biggest dong ever and he uses all his 10" to great effect on the well endowed Ursula.

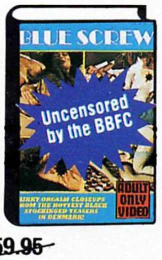
Former price ~~£49.95~~

John Holmes & Ursula
Together at last!
Uncensored by the BBFC
ALL COLOR VIDEO

BLUE SCREW

Double and triple lesbian fun. Orgasms, ejaculation and deep penetration PLUS a 3 girl/1 guy orgy and a 3 girl lesbian orgy.

Original price ~~£59.95~~



DICK RAMBONE & BUFFY DAVIS

Dick flases 9" of muscle at Buffy and scores first time. He then gives it to two lovely lesbians.

Former price ~~£49.95~~

DICK RAMBONE
BUFFY DAVIS
Uncensored by the BBFC

OFFER B

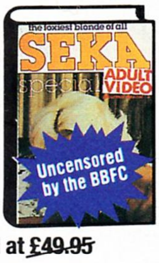
REAL HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES — TAKE ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95

YES, THAT'S RIGHT — ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95 — NOT £19.95 EACH. Only sold in batches of 4 to minimize transport and handling costs.

SEKA SPECIAL

Stripping off Seka swallows hard before taking it between her legs PLUS porno Nurse, lesbian climax and orgy action.

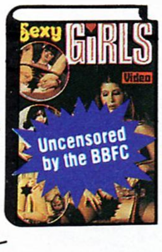
Originally priced at ~~£49.95~~



SEXY GIRLS

Packed with well built sexy girls and a variety of household implements PLUS finger sex and a very large selection of very large dildoes.

Formally ~~£59.95~~



EXCITING

Full from end to end with big dick entry and a sensational feature of 3 Army girls — dressed for battle — in a horny lesbian group.

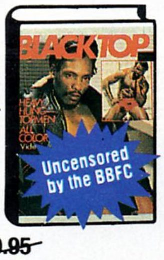
Original price ~~£49.95~~

EXCITING
VIDEO
Uncensored by the BBFC

BLACKTOP

For gays and girls who like them big. All male action with rampant muscular action — bigger than ever before.

Former price ~~£49.95~~



☎ **2 SWEDISH GIRLS . . .** pure pleasure **0898 770 223** ☎ **3 Scandanavian girls . . .** total pleasure **0898 770 319**

Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate; 48p a minute at all other times.

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30-6pm (Fri. 8pm) Prices or offers shown are for Mail Order or Callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

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SP19

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

P.V. Sales (Dept C I) 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

1569

Please rush me, under plain cover, the film titles indicated on VHS Video: —

☐ **A x 4 TITLES ON VIDEO £19.95 plus £2.05 for handling & despatch**

☐ **B x 4 TITLES ON VIDEO £19.95 plus £2.05 for handling & despatch**

☐ **ALL 8 TITLES ABOVE ON VIDEO £37.50 plus £2.50 for handling & despatch**

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ ____________ including handling and despatch. If paying by cheque, add your name & address to reverse

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

____

______________________________ Postcode ______________

I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are 2 videos each of 4 titles on video cassette.

______________________ ______________________ Signed

KNEEL BEFORE ME!
0898 442 719
CROSS DRESSER DELIGHT, RING FOR SPECIAL DETAILS
0898 442 492
SHAVING GIRLS IN STOCKINGS
0898 442 721

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 720

ACROSS THE DESK
0898 442 726

LET'S CLIMAX TOGETHER
0898 442 711
GIRLS TALK OF INTIMATE EXPERIENCES
0898 442 732
HOT ADULT ACTION
0898 442 722
LET ME GIVE YOU HAND RELIEF YOU WILL ENJOY
0898 442 731
LISTEN TO ME PLAYING WITH MY VIBRATOR
0898 442 734

RAUNCHY SEX!
At your fingertips

BRA BUSTING 42DD STRIP SPECIAL
0898 442 727
OVER MY KNEE
0898 442 730
ORAL PLEASURE
0898 442 723

PLAYING WITH MYSELF
0898 442 725
I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 442 733
IN MY MOUTH
0898 442 728
LICKING LESBIANS
0898 442 724
GET DOWN ON IT!
0898 442 729

CONFESSIONS OF A NYMPHO
0898 442 491

CALLS CHARGED AT 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
STG. P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

AN ALL NEW VIDEO OFFER!

4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS-UNDER £2 EACH

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Product Code (5MA6004)

4 HOT & HARD SEX VIDEO TITLES

INCREDIBLE!

THESE 4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS WERE ~~£49.95~~ or more EACH. Now all 4 can be yours for just

£7·95

YES, that's right — £7·95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £7·95 EACH

APPOINTMENT FOR SEX

Josie is a real life nymphomaniac who is so depraved she has to keep an Appointment Book. When she is overbooked, the system really breaks down as she is screwed by one and all. Includes multiple sex action, oral orgasms and two-handed ejaculation.

Three sexy young couples agreed to visit our sex shops, take a selection of their choice and let us film them in use:- Julie & Jim choose love eggs, love cream and some porno mags. Peter & Mary choose a 10" dildo and some very sexy underwear. Kay & Allan — choose 'his & hers' blow-up dolls. Watch the results — it's really worth watching.

The beautiful lady at Woodhurst Castle invites everyone to a mystery party. After dinner the excitement begins as the guests go off in small groups. 2 girls and one guy, screwing and sucking. One lovely dominates two strapping males and we do mean strapping. Then two girls in lesbian lust, which leads to a four girl and 3 guy orgy.

BON APPETIT

The French Maid spills wine down the hostess and she's not wearing a bra or panties. The dress soaked through exposes her big breasts. Seeing this she asks the maid to help her off with her dress to reveal all. The husband is first to move when he pushes his hand up the maid's legs straight into her hot, open pussy.

What you get is four full length horny hot & hard Video Films Originally priced ~~£49.95~~ or more each. YES — 4 FULL LENGTH FILMS AT UNDER £2 EACH.

ALL THESE FILMS WERE ~~£49·95~~ EACH — Take ALL 4 FOR Only £7·95. YES, That's Only £7·95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £7·95 EACH

☎ CREDIT CARD
24hr PHONE LINE
081-534 8855

☎ **'Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games'.** Call me for action on **0898 886 409**
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

City Trading Ltd., Reg Office, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Rd., London E15. Reg. No. 2174568

VERY IMPORTANT:
We would like to point out that these video films are full length hard-core features showing explicit sex action. Not 'soft shorts' like those offered by our competitors, that only last 10 to 15 minutes each.

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SP19

PRIVATE LINES (Dept), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Please rush me, under plain cover, the 4 full length sex films on a VHS Video:- (5MA6004)

▶ APPOINTMENT FOR SEX ▶ CHANNEL 69 ▶ BLUE MAGIC ▶ BON APPETIT

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £7.95 Plus £2.05 to cover the cost of compiling and despatch = total £10.00

If paying by cheque make payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse side.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ *Postcode* ____________________

I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are Adult Sex Movies on a video cassette ____________________ *Signed*

1449

sammy

Photographs by Jack Harrison

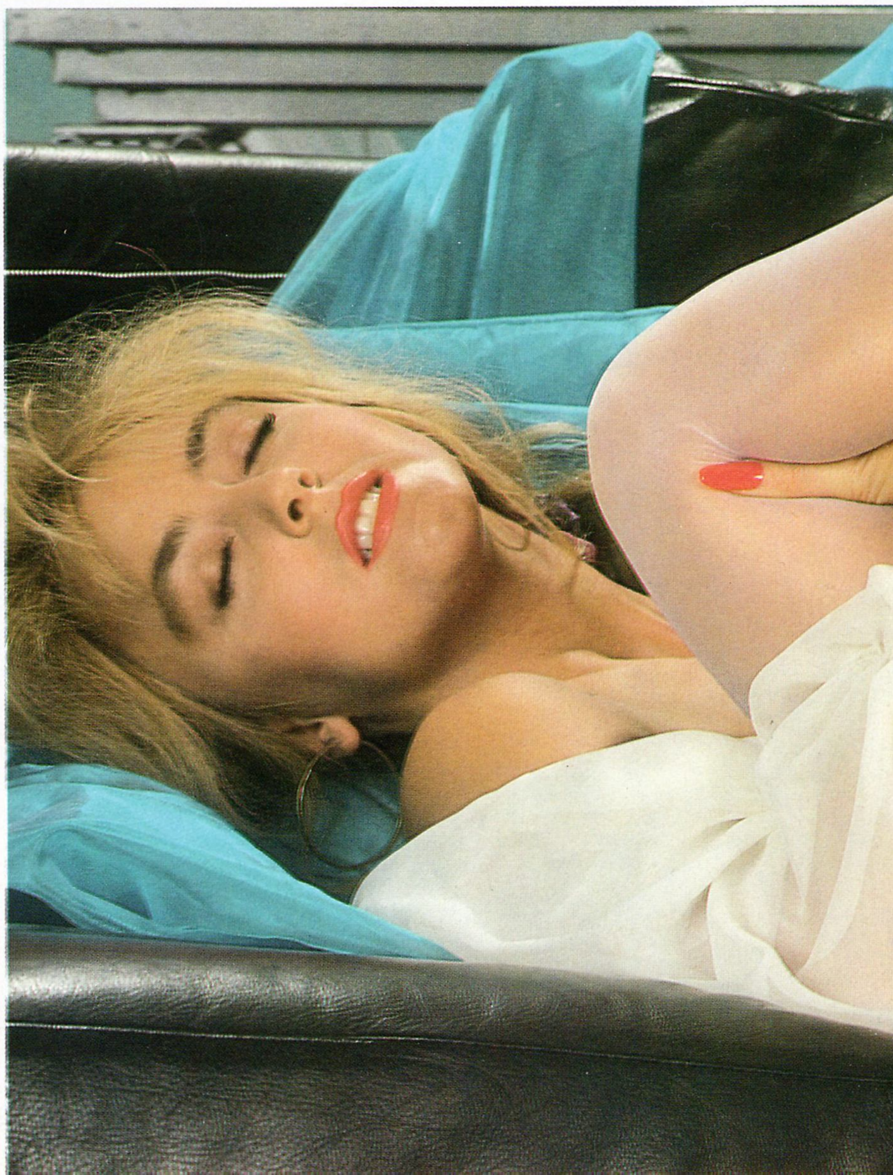
Looking at her now, it's hard to believe that 19-year-old Sammy used to be a shy girl.

"I reckon that 99 per cent of the kids at my school didn't have a clue what my name was," laughs the Brighton-born beauty. "So when I left school I went on an assertiveness course. They taught me that I could anything I wanted if I put my mind to it.

"I've always secretly wanted to be a model. Then I met up with

a photographer and, well, here am I! To be honest, I never knew that you could feel so sexy by just having your photograph taken, but if you look really closely, I think you can tell how turned on I was!

"I know it's a bit vain to say so, but I think they look really sexy, don't you? I bet all the kids I went to school with are going to get a shock when they see me in Club. *That's if they recognize me, of course!* ♣



Spend an hour with Serena for only £5

Fiona Cooper give you the chance to spend an hour with stunning Serena for an unbeatable offer price of only £5 (inc. p&p), a saving of £10!!!

In addition you will also receive FREE the Fiona Cooper full colour, 56 page catalogue filled with over 200 delicious Fiona Cooper girls which covers our entire range of videos and photosets.

But hurry this fantastic offer is only available for a limited period. Clip the coupon now, and spend hours with Serena. You won't be disappointed.

FULL 1 HOUR LONG ON HIGH QUALITY SONY TAPE

FIONA COOPER
PO BOX 16
HALIFAX
HX1 1EU

CI

Dear Fiona,
Please send me a copy of Serena (V363).
I enclose a cheque/PO (made payable to Fiona Cooper) cash (registered post only) for £5.
UK orders only.
Orders accepted on this coupon only.
Please tick format required ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name ....
Address ....
....
....

to: **Fiona Cooper**
PO Box 16, Halifax, HX1 1EU.

FIONA COOPER

club CLASSIFIED

HAVE SEX WITH ME
0836 402125

BARE BOTTOMS WAITING
0836 402804

FINGER LICKING lesbians require discreet male listeners 0836 402121

ON MY KNEES IN FRONT OF HIM
Call
0836 402122

EXPOSED BOTTOMS
WAITING 0836 402123

0836 402802
BORN TO MASTURBATE

JOIN ANITA FOR
MUTAL MASTURBATION
0836 402801

STRIP ME NAKED
0836 402805

DEEP THROAT
ORAL SEX
0836 402803

I'M SALLY AND I'LL
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HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0836 403 733.

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Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap. 48p per min. other times.

annie

Annie is a young lady who reckons that sex is certainly back in fashion — and she should know! The Leeds lass, who only turned eighteen in November, spends all her free time clubbing around the city.

"It's not that the girls are tarty — that's right out," she tells us. "They're just much more willing to experiment these days. A big thing now is to have sex in dark corners at a club, when people know they're going to be seen by other clubbers! They do it for

Photographs by Harry Linden

the kick of being watched, as well as the risk of being caught by the management."

But Annie, a trainee programmer for a computer software company, hasn't indulged in such risky games yet. "I'm a bit more shy than some of my friends," she says.

"And I like being feminine too. For instance, I love the clothes I'm wearing for this shoot— the stockings are great, sexy but not tarty. All the fellas at the nightclubs I go to read Club, so now they know what I'm wearing under those tight dresses! Perhaps I get a thrill out of being watched too..." ♣

COMING IN club

WINTER WARMER

Brrrrr! It's freezing out, so we're staying indoors for the next three months. But we're not doing it alone. No, we've got Kelly to keep us warm: we'll cup our hands round her blazing bottom and stop the frost getting to our noses by rubbing them on her glowing boobs. It's going to be very cozy, and there's room for just one more. Why don't you join us in next month's Club? Or if you don't fancy that, you could just be a miserable old sod freezing your balls off somewhere and not having any fun at all. The choice is yours! ♣

Volume 21 Number 2
On sale January 30

IN THE BAG

continued from page 32

lips. I slid under her and licked her nipples, playing with my pussy while I did so, spreading it wide so both the guys could see inside my pink cunt.

Kirstie-Sue obviously still wanted to talk dirty, but with a mouthful of cock all she could do now was moan! With both guys thrusting into her at once it didn't take long before she was ready to come, and she made enough noise to wake the neighbours as Danny rammed home and shot his load up her pussy. They both slumped over, Kirstie-Sue letting Tom's cock out of her mouth just as he started to come: a second later I felt his jism spurting onto my boobs and face just as I wanked myself to my second orgasm of the night. It was gorgeous!

Tom and Danny left together about an hour later, completely worn out from the sex that they'd just had. So all you Club readers out there, if you ever see Kirstie-Sue and myself in a pub, you now know how to get us into bed — if you dare! — *Penelope, London*

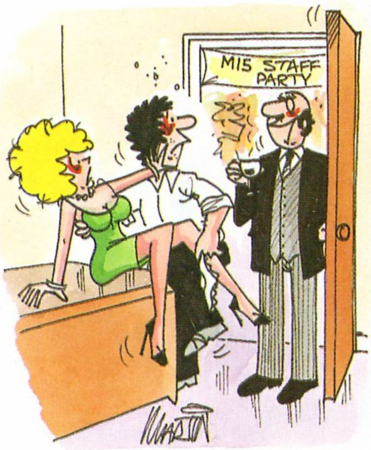
Brief Encounter

My big sister Tracey still treats me like I'm ten-year-old boy, even though I'm 19, and always puts me down in front of her friends. She's only two years older, and she has a very sexy friend called Jocelyn who has big breasts, dark hair and big blue eyes.

One day, when I was home by myself, Jocelyn knocked on the door and invited herself in. I told her that Tracey wasn't in, but she replied that it wasn't her she wanted to see. Then, without any warning, she pounced on me, smothering me with kisses.

Obviously I didn't have any say in what was happening, so I laid back to enjoy it.

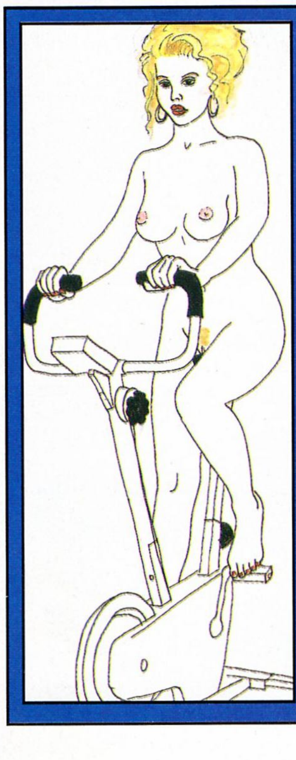
She unzipped my jeans and rubbed my hard cock with her hand, then lifted her skirt up to reveal her juicy cunt. She eased herself onto my cock, and rode me like her life depended on it. Her breasts were swinging madly under her shirt and she was swearing her face off at me, "Come on — I want your big cock to fuck me, fuck me, oh make me come baby..." And to tell you the truth, I couldn't believe it was happening — here was the woman I'd fantasized about for at least a year, ravishing my body!



"Ah, Bradshaw! I see you've met Fred Benson, our master of disguise"

Jocelyn started bouncing quicker, and I couldn't control myself any longer as I shot my load right up her cunt. She was screaming by this point, and her body shook as she reached the point of ecstasy.

Jocelyn left pretty quickly after, and every time I've seen her she's never mentioned anything about it. I sort of like it that way, but I'll never forget that day, that's for sure! — *Mark, Chelmsford* ♣



THE GALLERY

And now on Vision On, it's time for... The Gallery!

If you remember those marvellous words from the children's TV series then (a) you're nearly as old as the Editor, and (b) you'll know they introduced the bit where talentless kids sent in their crap drawings to be shown on TV and laughed at by the rest of the nation.

We on Club always enjoyed this bit of Vision On more than any other bits (which isn't saying much because it was breathtakingly bad), so when P Hedges of Ealing, London W5 sent in this picture of Clare from Vol 20 No 2 we thought we'd have a Gallery of our very own!

If you would like to have your crap picture printed in Club, and you don't mind our feeble-minded writers taking the piss out of you, send your masterpieces to The Gallery, Club International, 2, Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. ♣

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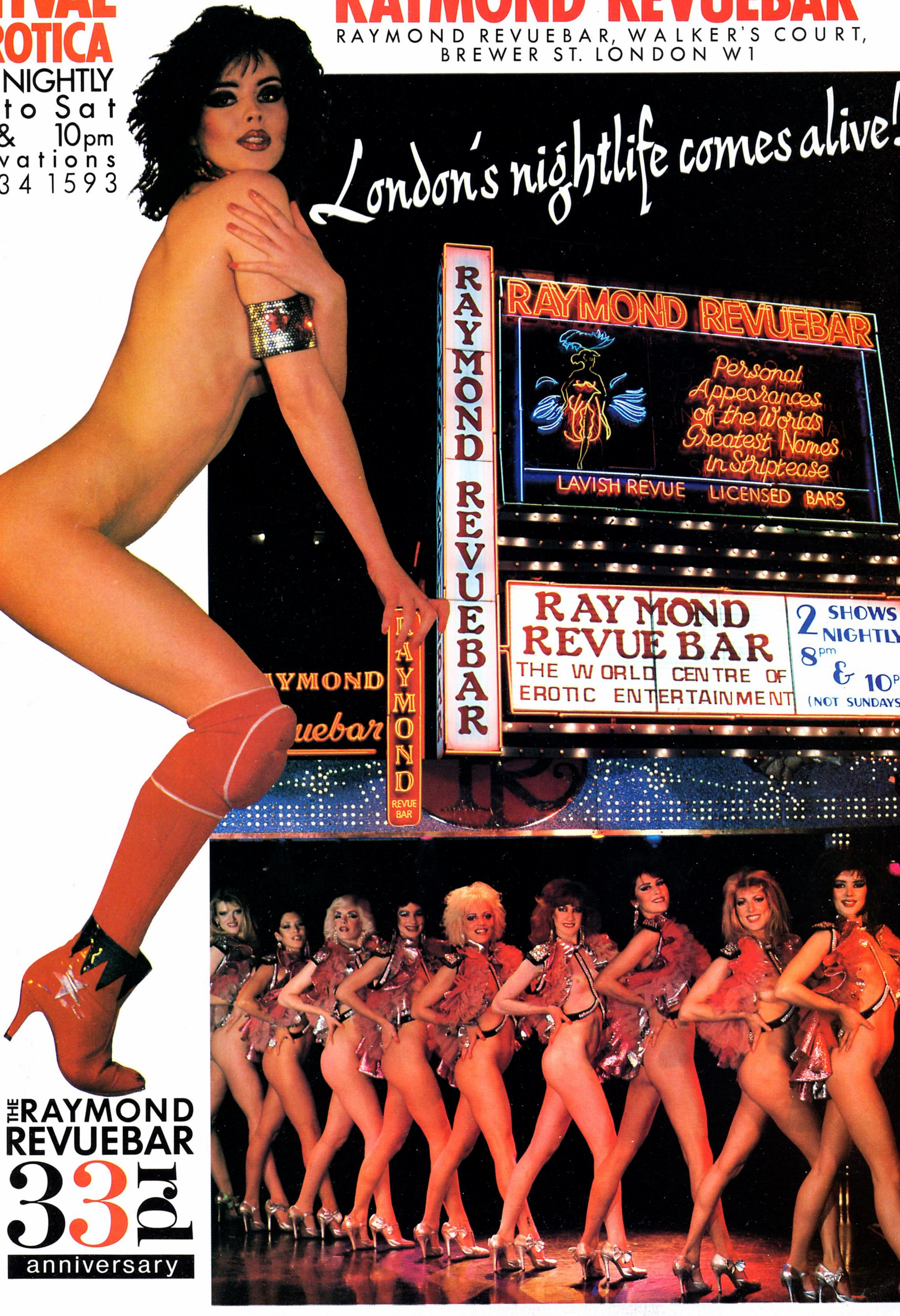
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